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FOR USE IN GOSPEL MEETINGS AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Gospel Hymns No. 6

BY

IRA D. SANKEY
JAMES McGRANAHAN
GEO. C. STEBBINS

PUBLISHED BY

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
76 EAST NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.
81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
74 WEST FOURTH ST., CINCINNA
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Fred W. Cross.

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PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6 contains more *new* Sacred Songs than any single number of the Gospel Hymns series which have preceded it, including all the latest and best pieces of the Authors of the book written since the publication of Gospel Hymns No. 5, together with the newest and most useful pieces of the many popular composers whose names are also found in this volume.

We have introduced a fine selection of Metrical Psalms set tc new tunes of a popular character, a new feature in the book which we believe will be welcomed by many.

A number of the most useful and popular Standard Gospel Hymns which have become universal favorites, have also been added, believing as we do, that a book used for Evangelistic work, Sunday Schools and Prayer Meetings, is of much more permanent value if it contains a good selection of Hymns and Tunes such as are found in the closing pages of this book.

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES McGRANAHAN,
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 6.

No. 1. A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 SAM. 22: 2.

F. H. HEDGE, tr. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing;
Our Helper He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos- ing.

3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph through us.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He! Lord Sabaoth
Let goods and kin- dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y

pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate—On earth is not his e - qual.
is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat - tle,
they may kill; God's truth abid-eth still, His kingdom is for ev - er.

No. 2. O Glorious Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zec. 13: 1.

Rev. F. Bottome — James McGranahan.

1. Be - neath the glorious throne a-bove, The crys- tal fount-ain springing,
2. Through all my soul its wa - ters flow, Thro' all my na - ture steal - ing;
3. The bar - ren wastes are fruitful lands, The des-ert blooms with ros - es;
4. My sun no more goes down by day, My moon no more is wan - ing;
5. Oh, depth of mer- cy! breadth of grace! Oh, love of God un - bound-ed!

A riv - er full of life and love, Is joy and gladness bring- ing.
And deep with-in my heart I know The conscious- ness of heal - ing.
And He, the glo - ry of all lands, His love - ly face dis-clos - es.
My feet run swift the shin-ing way, The heavenly por- tals gain - ing.
My soul is lost in sweet amaze, By won-drous love con-found - ed.

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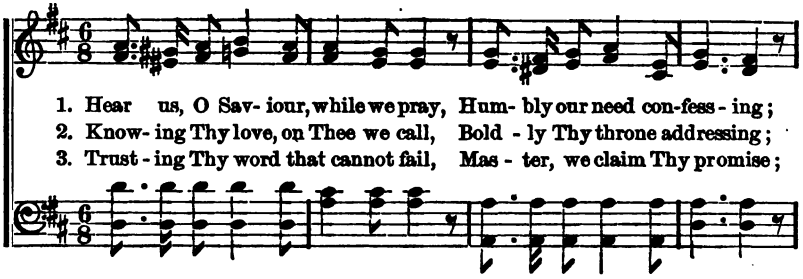
Chorus.

O glo - ri - ous fount - ain now flow -ing so free,
flow - ing, flow-ing so free,
O fount- ain of cleans - ing o - pened wide to me.

No. 3. Hear us, O Saviour.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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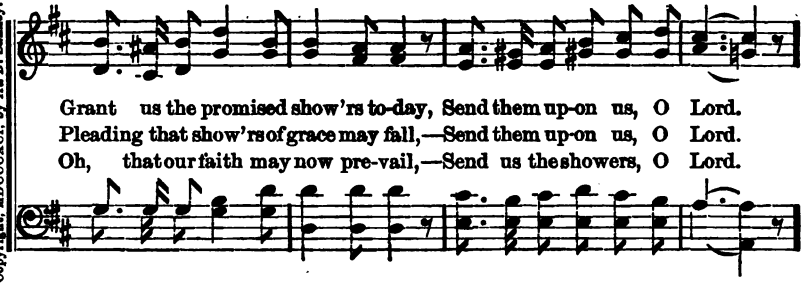

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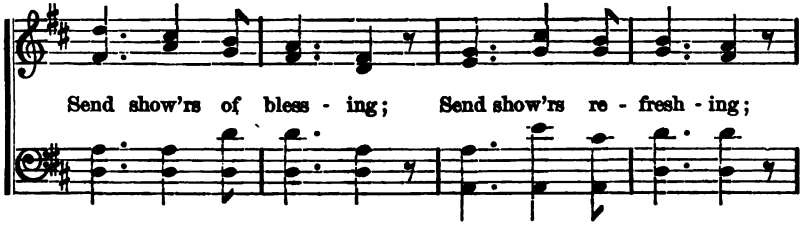
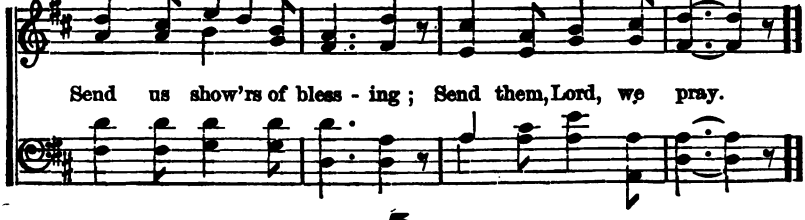
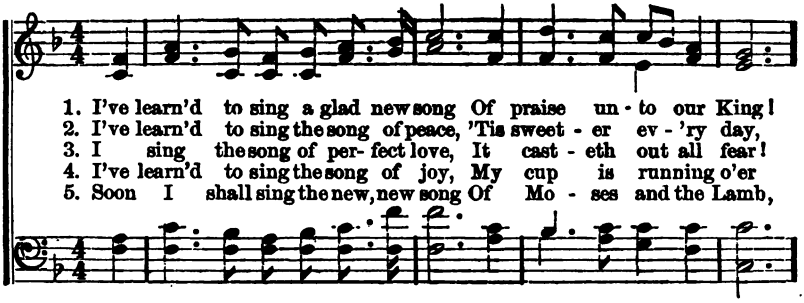


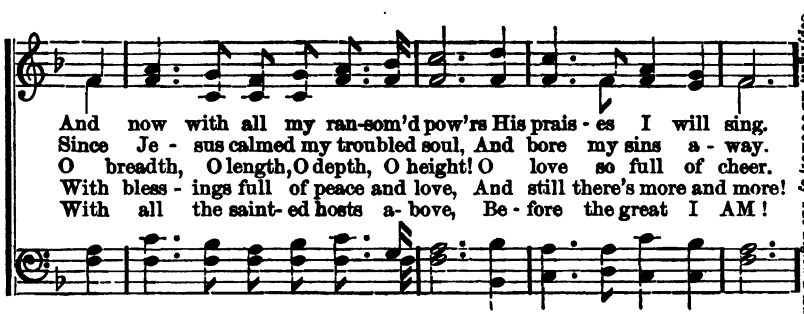


No. 4. His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord"—JUDG. 5: 3.

J. B. ATCHINSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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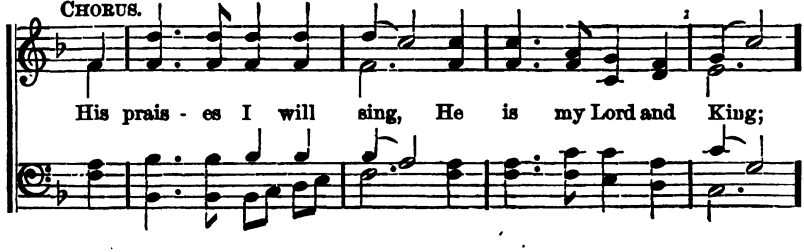

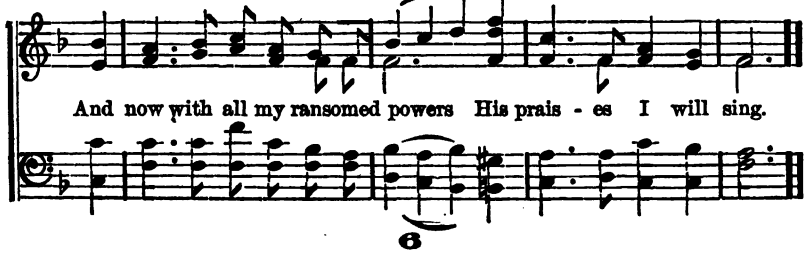

No. 5. Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE. J. H. BURKE.

1. Hope on, hope on, O troub- led heart; If doubts and fears o'er-
2. Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep The shad-ows gath - er
3. Hope on, hope on, go brave - ly forth Through tri- al and temp-

take thee, Re - member this—the Lord hath said, "He nev - er will for-
o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy Sav - iour holds The Lamp of life be-
ta - tion, Di - rect- ed by the word of truth, So full of con- so-

sake thee; Then mur-mur not, still bear thy lot, Nor yield to care or
fore thee; And if He will that thou to-day Shouldst tread the vale of
la - tion; There is a calm for ev - 'ry storm, A joy for ev - 'ry

sor-row; Be sure the clouds that frown to-day, Will break in smiles to-morrow.
sor-row, Be not afraid, but trust and wait; The sun will shine to-morrow.
sor-row, A night from which the soul shall wake To hail an endless morrow.

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No. 6. Narrow and Strait.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."—MATT. 7: 14.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you lin- ger, Why do you stay In the broad road, that most
2. Do you find pleasures, Last-ing and pure, In the gay scenes that the
3. Come then, be- lov- ed, No long- er stay; Leave the broad highway, O

dan - ger-ous way—While right before you, Nar-row and strait, Is the bright
thoughtless al- lure—While your Redeemer, With love so great, Points to the
leave it to- day; Make your de-cis- ion, Oh, do not wait; Take thou the

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REFRAIN.

path-way to heav'n's pearly gate?
way that is nar- row and strait?
path-way so nar- row and strait.
} Nar-row and strait, ...
Narrow and strait,

Narrow and strait, ...
Narrow and strait, Is the bright pathway to heav'n's pearly gate.

X

No. 7.

O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—ISA. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. HASTINGS. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I'll hide me in this ref- uge strong, From ev-'ry storm- y blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and temp-est-tost, By sins and woes op - prest:
4. Ye thirst- y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crystal wa - ters spring;

A sure and cer - tain anch'rage ground In Christ with - in the vail.
And sit and sing un - til the waves Of wrath are o - ver - past.
Ye tempt-ed, troub- led, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev - 'ry storm- y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

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CHORUS.

O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;
O Rock In Thee

My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

No. 8. Jesus Saves! O Blessed Story.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. 7: 25.

Claudia May Ferrin. J. R. Murray.

1. Je- sus saves! O bless-ed sto - ry, Full of love and peace di - vine,
2. Je- sus saves! O, who can fath-om All the ful - ness of His love?
3. Je- sus saves! O sinner, heark-en To the call of love to - day;

Bursting from the realms of glo - ry, Echoing thro' this world of time.
He once died for our re- demption, Now He waits for us a - bove.
There's no oth - er way to heav- en, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

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Chorus.

Je- sus saves! O glo - ry! glo - ry! Shout the ti- dings o'er and o'er;

Tell to all the earth the sto - ry, Je- sus saves for ev - er - more.

No. 9. Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—ISA. 49: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.

1. How sweet the joy that fills my soul, Christ is my Re- deem - er;
2. Tho' Sa- tan oft my way oppose, Christ is my Re- deem - er;
3. When tri- als come I still con-fess, Christ is my Re- deem - er;
4. The vic - to - ry by this I gain, Christ is my Re- deem - er;

His precious blood has made me whole, Christ is my Re- deem- er;
With this I bold- ly meet my foes, Christ is my Re- deem- er;
He gives me grace each care to bless, Christ is my Re- deem- er;
By this I break sin's gall - ing chain, Christ is my Re- deem- er;

My sins were all up - on Him laid, A full a-tonement He hath made,
'Twas this that gave me life and light, 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
He guides and keeps me day by day, He closer comes when dark the way,
And if He tar - ry and I sleep, My dy-ing hour this hope shall keep,

For me He hath the ran- som paid; Christ is my Re - deem- er.
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright; Christ is my Re - deem- er.
He dothwith this my fears al - lay; Christ is my Re - deem- er.
That when He comes the grave to reap, Christ is my Re - deem- er.

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No. 10. The Shadow of the Rock.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock of Ref-uge My wea-ry feet;
2. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock E-ter-nal My heart op-pressed;
3. Lead to the shad-ow of the "Rock of A-ges," O keep thou me

Give me the wa-ter from the life stream flowing Clear, pure and sweet.
There in the se-cret of Thy ho-ly presence, Calm shall I rest.
Safe from the arrows of the world's temptations, Close, close to Thee.

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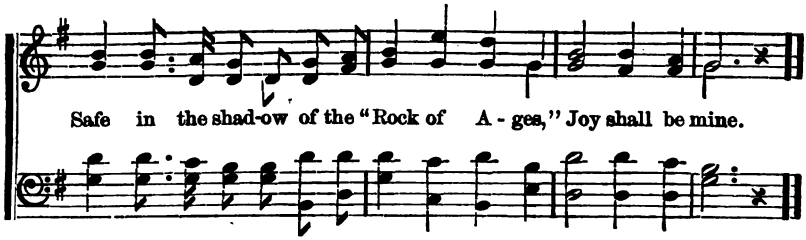
Chorus.

There from the bil-lows and the tem-pest hid-ing,

Un-der the shel-ter of Thy love a-bid-ing,

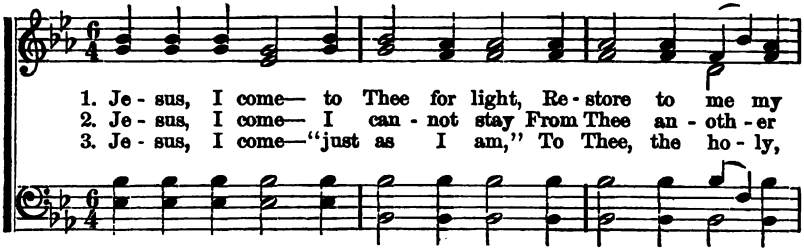
The Shadow of the Rock.—Concluded.

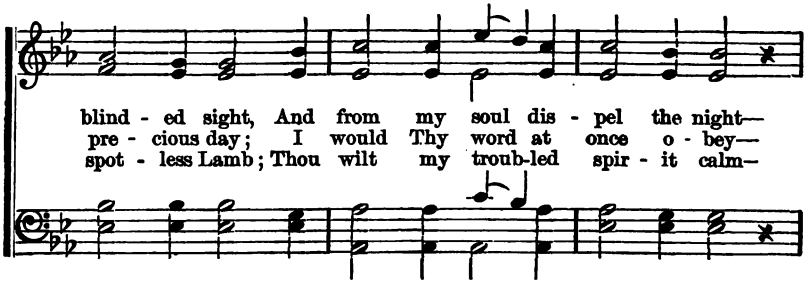


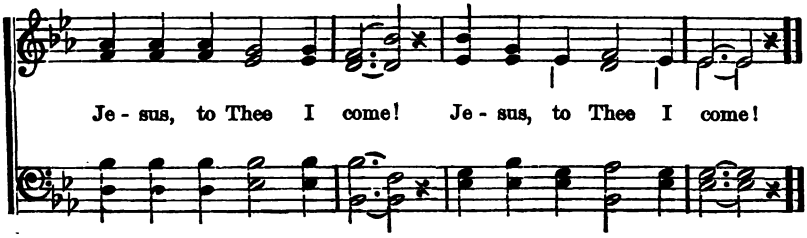
No. 11. To Thee I Come.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

Words arr. J. E. GOULD.



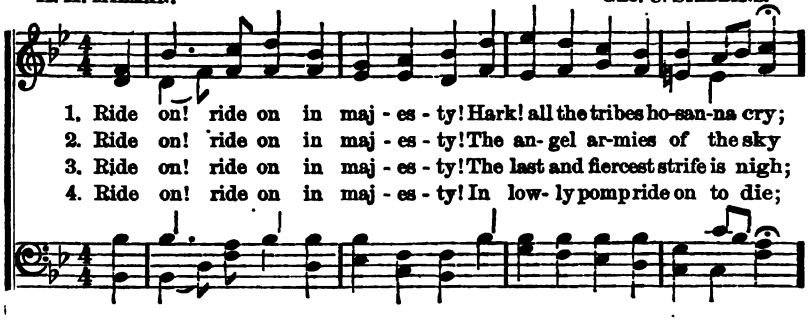




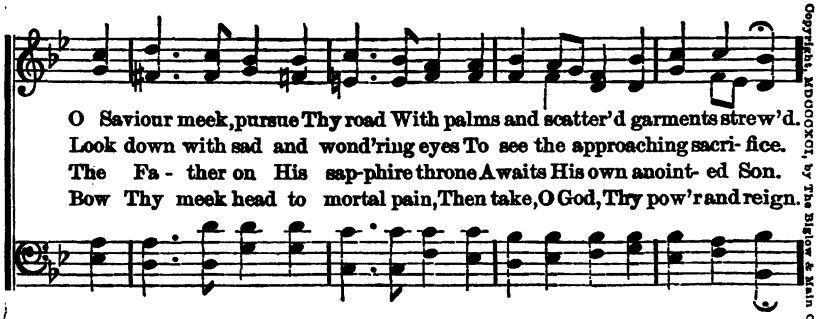
No. 12. Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an-gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low- ly pomp ride on to die;



O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approaching sacri- fice.
The Fa - ther on His sap-phire throne Awaits His own anoint- ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

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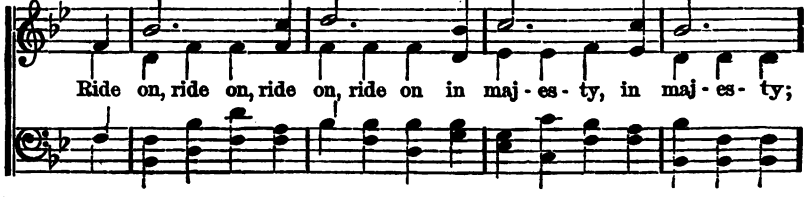
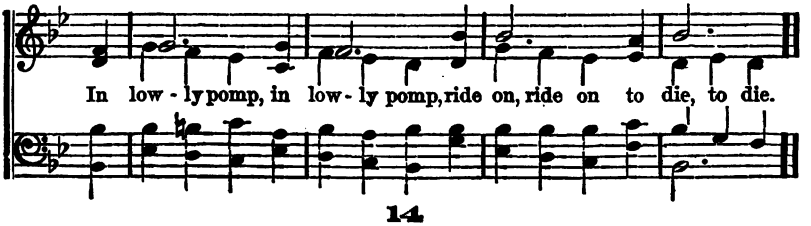
CHORUS.

Ride on, ... ride on . . . . in maj - - es - ty; . . . .



Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;



In low - - ly pomp, ride on . . . . to die. . . .

In low - ly pomp, in low - ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

No. 13. Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE. J. J. LOWE.

1. Our Sav- iour will descend a- gain, Earth's buried millions rais - ing;
2. And though these bod-ies lie in dust Be- fore that glad ap-pear - ing?
3. What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sad - ness?
4. Then, safe at last, this bless - ed throng, Set free from trib - u - la - tion,

With Him will come a glo- rious train, A- dor - ing Him and prais - ing.
Yet shall they stand a- mong the just, Our Sav-iour's im - age wear - ing.
Yet we may see that glo-rious dawn, And hail the hour with glad - ness.
Shall ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.

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CHORUS.

Raise high the song that loud and long Be- fore Him ceas- eth nev - er,

Till, cast - ing down each gold- en crown, We worship Him for - ev - er.

No. 14. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—JNO. 3: 16.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say - ing, Je- sus died for sin - ful men;
2. He has made a full a - tone - ment, Now His sav-ing work is done;
3. Still up-on His hands the nail prints, And the scars up - on His brow;
4. But re-mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,

Tho' we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a- gain.
He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who accepts us in His Son.
Our Re-deem- er, Lord and Sav - iour In the glo - ry standeth now.
And with Him His blood-bought peo- ple Ev - er-more shall live and reign.

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CHORUS.

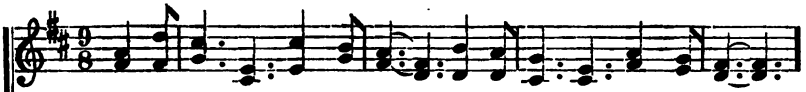
O glad and glo-rious Gos- pel! With joy we now pro - claim,
we now proclaim,

A full and free sal - va - tion, Through faith in Je - sus' name.

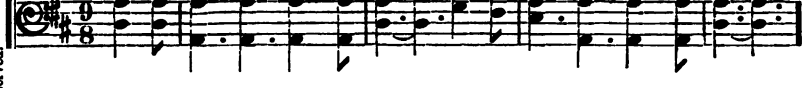
No. 15. Why Not Now?

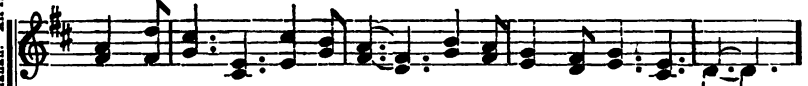
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

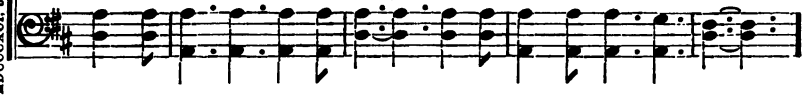


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

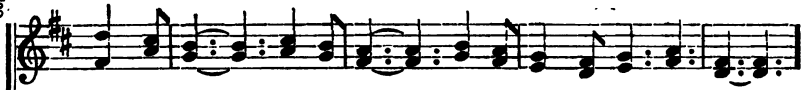




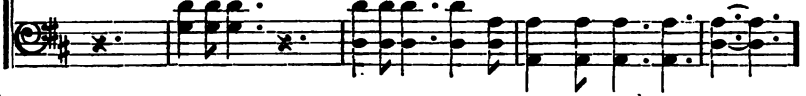
While your Fa-ther calls you home Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to- day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be- lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

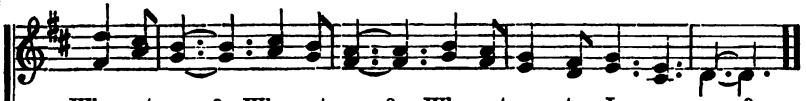


CHORUS.

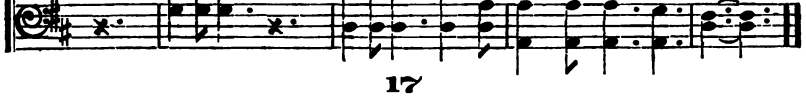


Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?





Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



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No. 16. Victory Through Grace.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev 6: 2.

S. Martin. Jno. R. Swenny.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Saviour and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them exult-ing-ly say.
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal Rest, when their warfare is past.

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Victory Through Grace.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faith- ful Vict'ry is prom-ised through grace.

No. 17. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr by H. P. M.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with- out con - trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.

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3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 18. Rejoice! Ye Saints.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.

1. Re - joice! ye saints, a- gain re - joice, And sing, with one ac - cord;
2. Re - joice! re- joice! lift up your head, And praise the liv - ing God;
3. Re - joice! re- joice! let praise a - bound Be - fore Je- ho- vah's throne,
4. Re - joice! re- joice! the Lord will come, Ac - cord - ing to His word;

Re - joice with all your heart and voice, In Christ your risen Lord.
That for your souls the Sav- iour shed His own most precious blood.
For dead ones raised, and lost ones found, And prod - i-gals brought home,
And gath- er all His ransom'd home, "For ev - er with the Lord."

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CHORUS.

Re-joice, in the Lord, Re- joice in the Lord, Re-joice in the Lord al-way;

Re-joice, in the Lord, Re- joice in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re - joice.

No. 19. Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—JOHN 12: 46.

F. J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Nev - er shone a light so fair, Never fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus
2. Still that Ju-bilee of song Breaks upon the rising morn; While the an - them
3. Welcome now the blessed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to

in the air, Chanted by the an-gel-throng; Ev - ery star took up the
rolls a - long, Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the
praise and pray, And His love with gladness sing; Let the world take up the

sto - ry,
sto - ry, } Christ has come, the Prince of glo - ry, Come in hum-ble
sto - ry,

hearts to dwell, God with us, God with us, God with us, Im- man - u - el.

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No. 20. Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—Rev. 19: 3.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. O breth - ren, rise and sing, Make hal - le - lu - jahs
breth - ren, rise and sing, Hal - le - -
2. He wins for us the fight, He makes our darkness
3. No lack or want have they Who make the Lord their
4. O trust Him then to guide, And for His own pro-

ring To our Al-mighty King, And bless His name.
lu-jahs ring And bless His name.
light, All dreary doubts take flight When He ap - pears.
stay; New strength for every day His grace sup - plies.
vide; Should weal or woe be - tide, Trust to the end.

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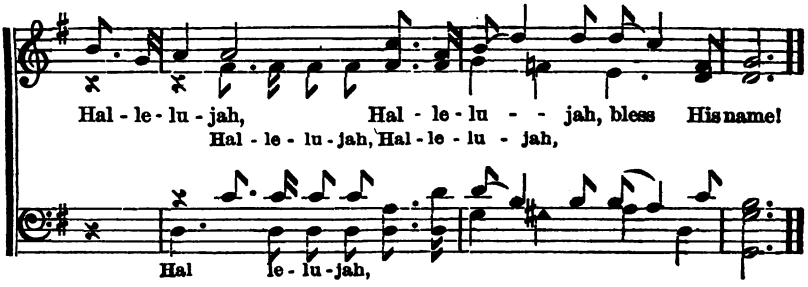
Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah, bless His name; Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,

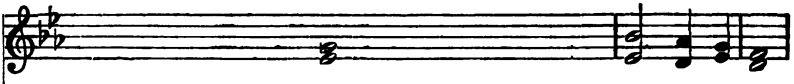
Hallelujah, Bless His Name.—Concluded.



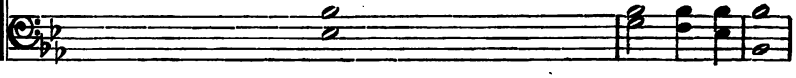
No. 21. Following Fully.

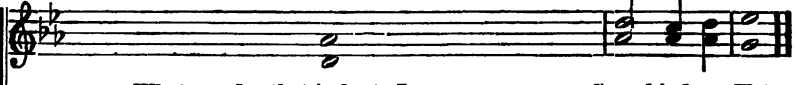
"The Lord is my shepherd."—PSA. 23: 1.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.

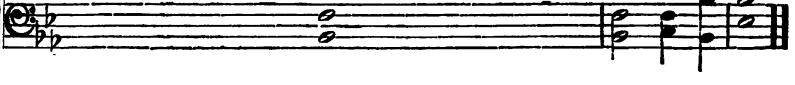


1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said, Come, fol-low me;
2. He led me through green pasture land, By waters still;
3. From out no other eye had ever beamed Such love on me;
4. Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the World all so drear;
5. Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me, I can-not see;
6. And soon there came a loving call in answer, "Be not a-fraid;
7. None ever perished following Jesus fully, No, nev- er one;





What wonder that in haste I rose, So kind was He!
With such a Guide, who would not follow, Go where He will?
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow Hard aft- er Thee.
Upon the night wind rose the cry of One in great fear.
My feet are stumbling on the mountains; Oh! suc-cor me.
Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary Mine arm shall aid."
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safely home.



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No. 22. Whosoever Will May Come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wand-'ring souls, why long - er roam A - way from God, a -
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night are
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a- bun-dant
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet

way from home? The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say, "Who
on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still; Oh,
grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill; Oh,
rest and home; Let Him that hear - eth ech - o still, The

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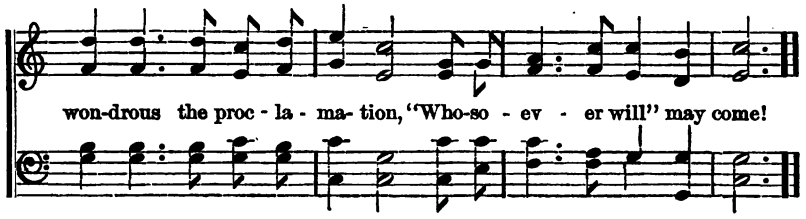
Chorus.

ev - er will" may come to - day.
come to Him, "who - ev - er will."
come to Him, "who - ev - er will."
bless - ed "*who - so - ev - er will.*"
} All praise and glo-ry be un - to

Je - sus, For He hath pur-chased a full sal - va - tion; Be-hold how

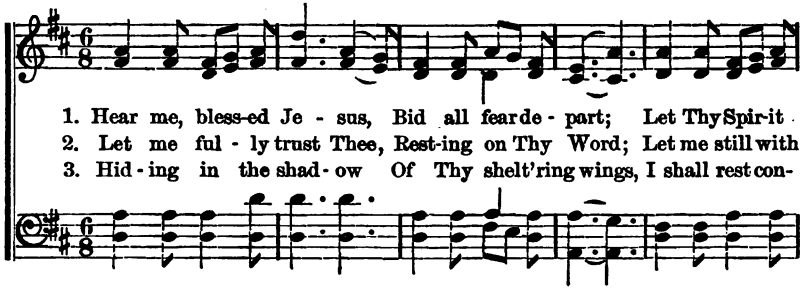
Whosoever Will May Come.—Concluded.



No. 23. Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Words arr. J. H. BURKE.



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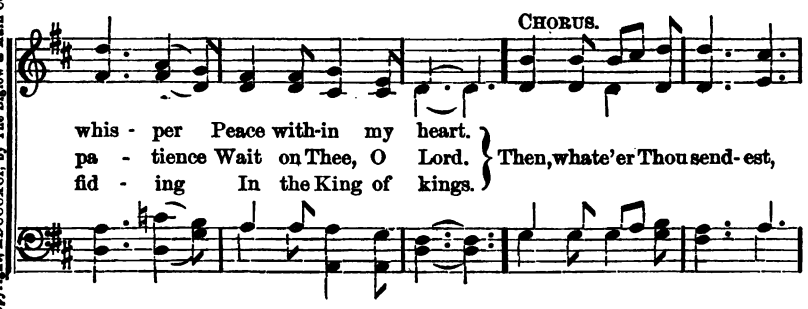

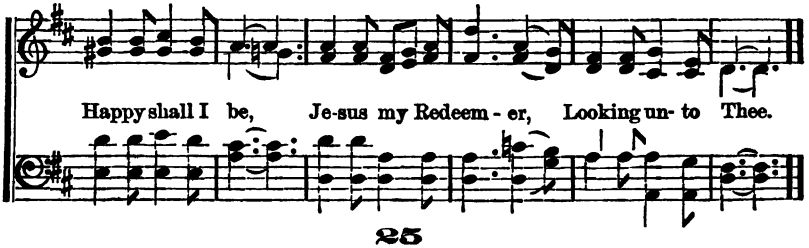

No. 24. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

C. E. B, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. { Yes, we'll meet a - gain in the morn - ing, In the
When the night of watch - ing and wait - ing, With its
2. { Where our pre - cious ones now are dwell - ing, Free from
With their gar - ments spot - less and shin - ing, Like the
3. { O what joy when all shall be o - ver, And the
And the an - gels home - ward shall bear us, Where the

dawn of a fair - er day; } Where no shad-ows veil the sun - shine,
dark-ness has passed a - way.
toil and from ev - 'ry care; } When our pil-grim - age com - ple - ted,
robes that the an - gels wear.
jour-ney on earth we close, } We shall see the King of glo - ry,
life-stream for - ev - er flows.

O - ver there in the heav'n - ly land, And the crys - tal
And our foot - steps no lon - ger roam, By the pearl - y
We shall praise Him with harp and voice; We shall sing the

waves of the riv - er, Ev - er flow o'er the gold - en sand.
gates glad - ly wait - ing, They will give us a wel - come home.
grace that re - deemed us, While our hearts in His love re - joice.

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No. 25. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Go raise the ban-ner high;
2. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Let faith be thy strong shield;
3. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Press on the foe to fight;

The Cap - tain of Sal - va - tion To Thee is ev - er nigh.
His prom - ise shall sus - tain thee On ev - 'ry bat - tle field.
No en - e - my can harm thee, For God sus - tains the right.

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CHORUS.

Then wave the glo- rious ban - ner, Press for-ward in His name;

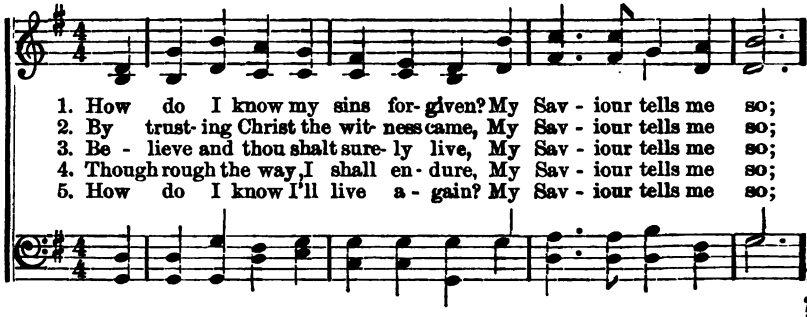
His name;

And soon thy Guide and Cap - tain Will vic - to - ry pro - claim.

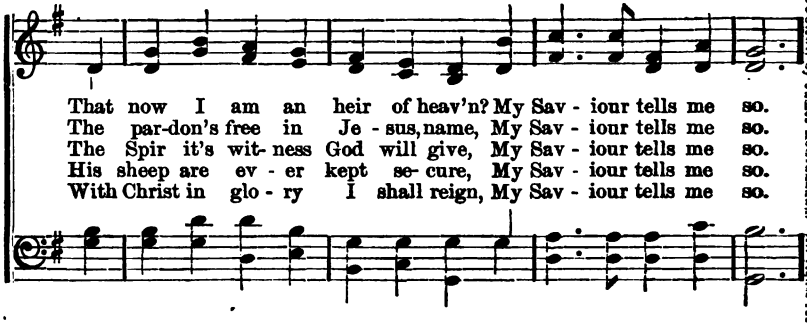
No. 26. My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—JNO. 6: 37.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. How do I know my sins for- given? My Sav - iour tells me so;
2. By trust- ing Christ the wit- ness came, My Sav - iour tells me so;
3. Be - lieve and thou shalt sure- ly live, My Sav - iour tells me so;
4. Though rough the way, I shall en- dure, My Sav - iour tells me so;
5. How do I know I'll live a - gain? My Sav - iour tells me so;



That now I am an heir of heav'n? My Sav - iour tells me so.
The par-don's free in Je - sus, name, My Sav - iour tells me so.
The Spir it's wit- ness God will give, My Sav - iour tells me so.
His sheep are ev - er kept se- cure, My Sav - iour tells me so.
With Christ in glo - ry I shall reign, My Sav - iour tells me so.

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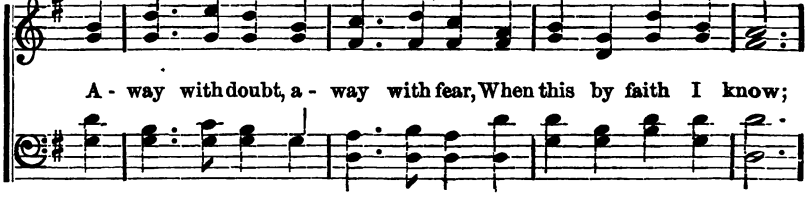
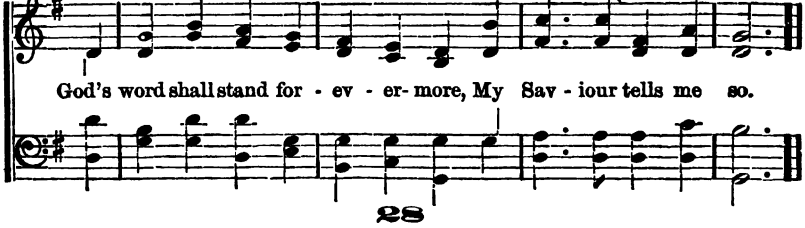
CHORUS.



A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, When this by faith I know;



God's word shall stand for - ev - er- more, My Sav - iour tells me so.

No. 27. Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;

Resting there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a- lone be - stow.

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Refrain.

Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Sav-iour, keep Thou me.

No. 28. Throw Out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

REV. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink- ing; oh, hast- en to - day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of tempta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa- ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line And save them to - day.
} Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift- ing a - way; Throw out the

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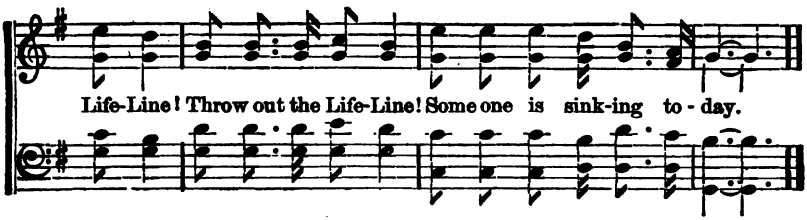
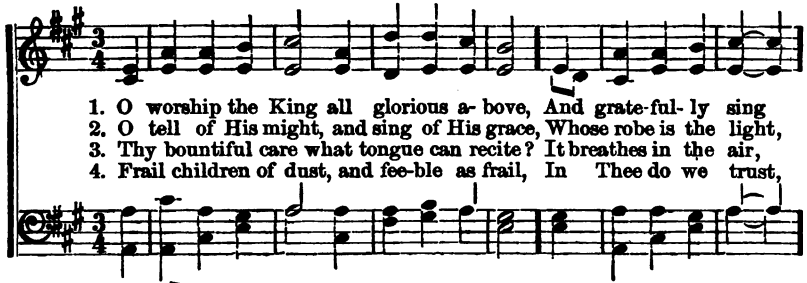
Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

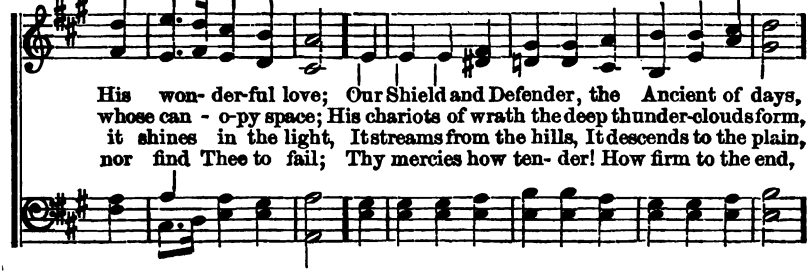


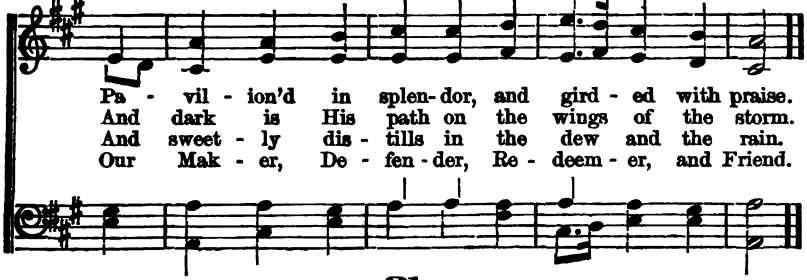
No. 29. O Worship the King.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—PSA. 145: 10.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.







No. 30. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teacher Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
2. Com-fort - er in - deed Thou art, Giv-ing strength to ev - 'ry heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar - row way;
4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide;

Come, per- form Thine of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
Let Thy presence ne'er de - part, Com- fort ev - er - more.
Grant that we may nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
And in life, what-e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.

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REFRAIN.

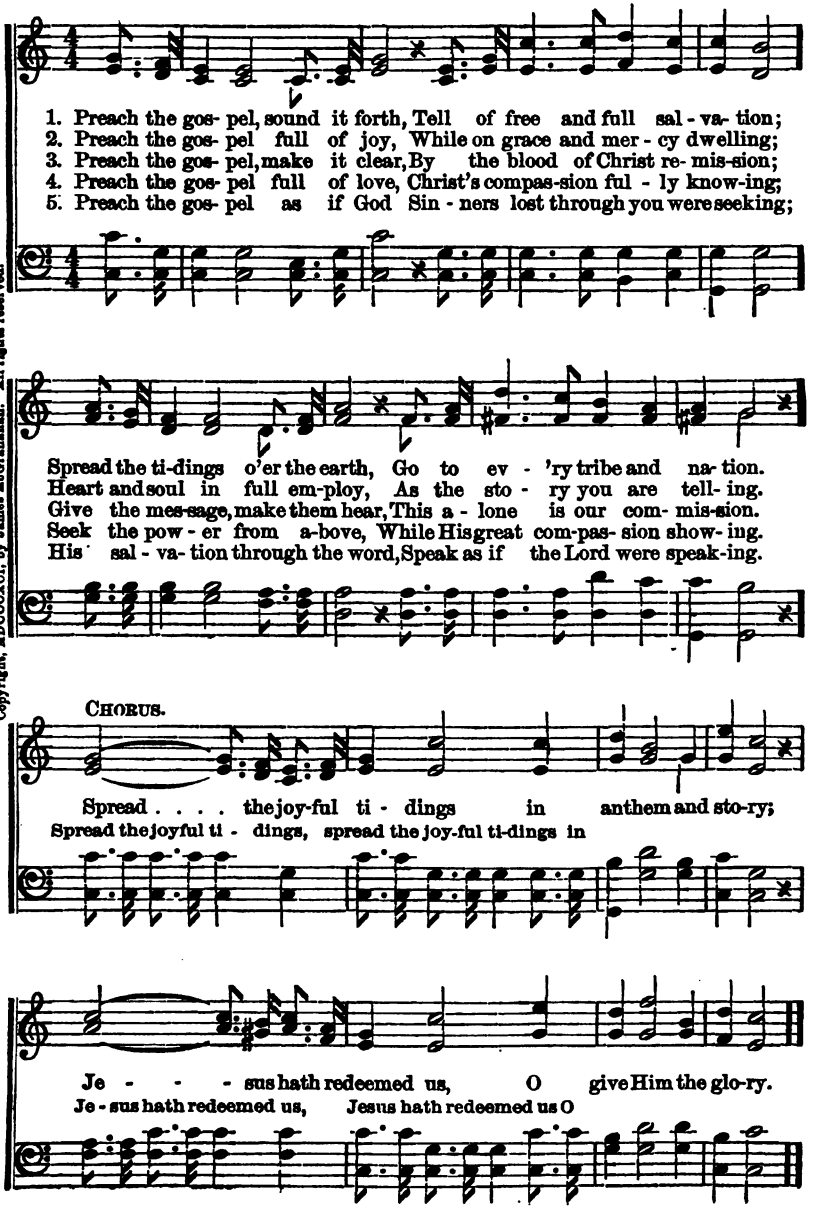
Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er, Com- fort, guide, and leave us

nev - er; Dwell with-in us, we im-plore, Now and ev - er - more.

No. 31. Preach the Gospel.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 32. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

1. I am trust- ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!
2. I am trust- ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust- ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust- ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
5. I am trust- ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trusting Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Trusting Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me, Must pre - vail.
I am trust - ing Thee for ev - er, And for all.

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CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, Trust- ing on - ly Thee!
I am trust-ing, I am trust- ing,

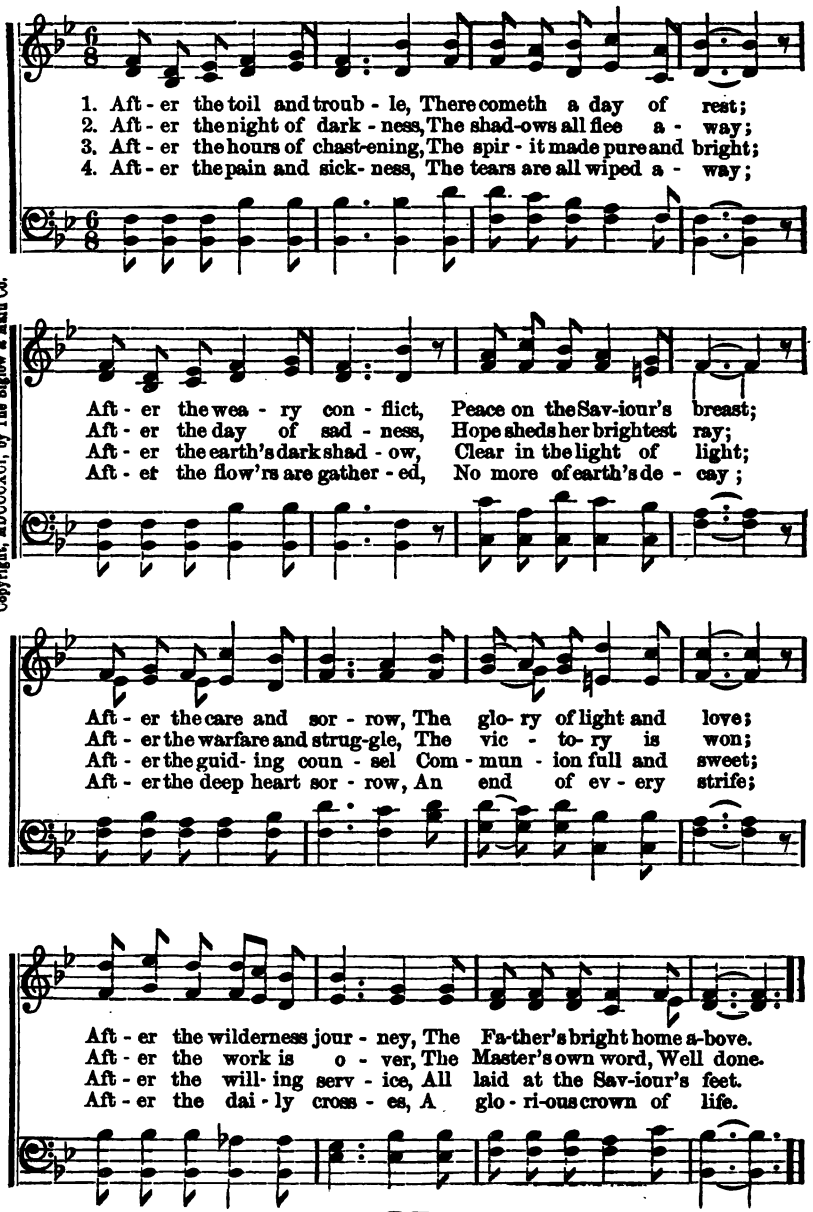
I am trust - ing, trust - ing, Trust-ing on - ly Thee.
trust- ing, trust-ing, I am trusting,

No. 33.

After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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No. 34. Sin no More.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—JNO. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran- som thee;
2. Sin no more, but close- ly keep Near the hand that guards the sheep;
3. Sin no more, His blood hath bought, Think on what His love hath wrought;
4. Sin no more, O sin no more, Je - sus lives to keep thee pure;

Now the power of sin is o'er, Je - sus bids thee sin no more.
Shun the snares that lured be - fore, Trem- bling go, and sin no more.
Think of what for thee He bore, Weep - ing go, and sin no more.
If o'er - ta - ken He'll re- store, Say - ing "Go, and sin no more."

CHORUS.

Sin no more, ... thy soul is free, ... Christ has died . . . . . to ran - som thee; . . . . . Sing the mes - sage o'er and o'er, . . . Christ for-gives thee, sin no more.

Sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran - som thee;

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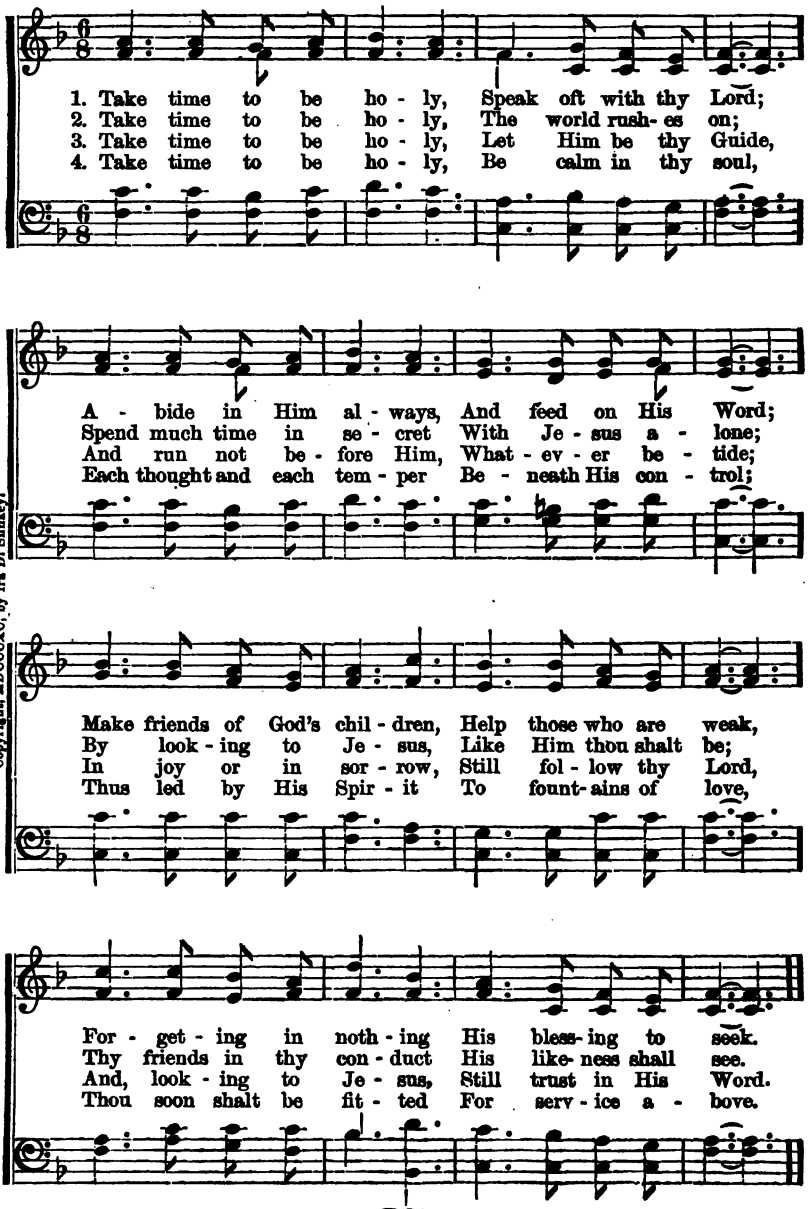
No. 35. Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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No. 36. The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—MATT. 25: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.

1. The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be read- y when He comes;
He comes from His fair home on high, Be read- y when He comes;
2. He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be read- y when He comes;
Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be read- y when He comes;
3. Be - hold! He comes to one and all Be read- y when He comes;
He quick- ly, comes with trumpet call, Be read- y when He comes;

He is the Lord our Righteousness, And comes His chos-en ones to bless,
With Hal- le - lu-jah's heav'n will ring, When Jesus does redemp-tion bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thither by His might-y band,

And at His Fa - ther's throne confess; Be read- y when He comes.
O trim your lamps to meet your King! Be read- y when He comes.
Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be read- y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Will you be read- y when the Bride-groom comes? Will you be when He comes?

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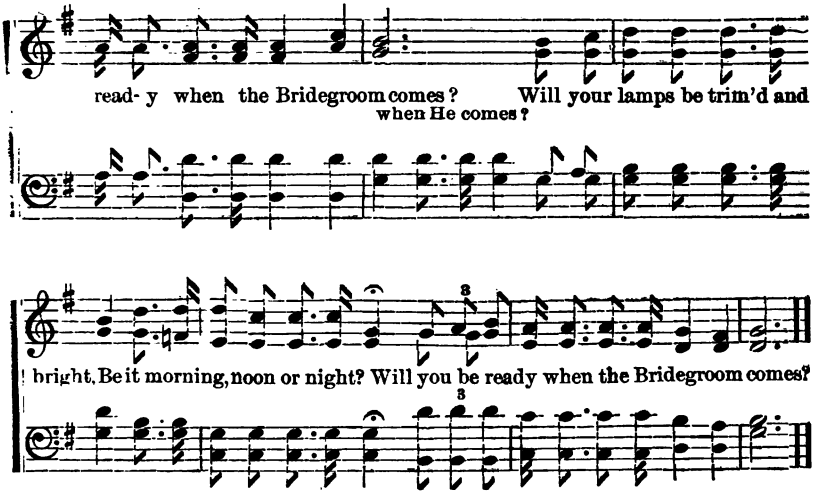
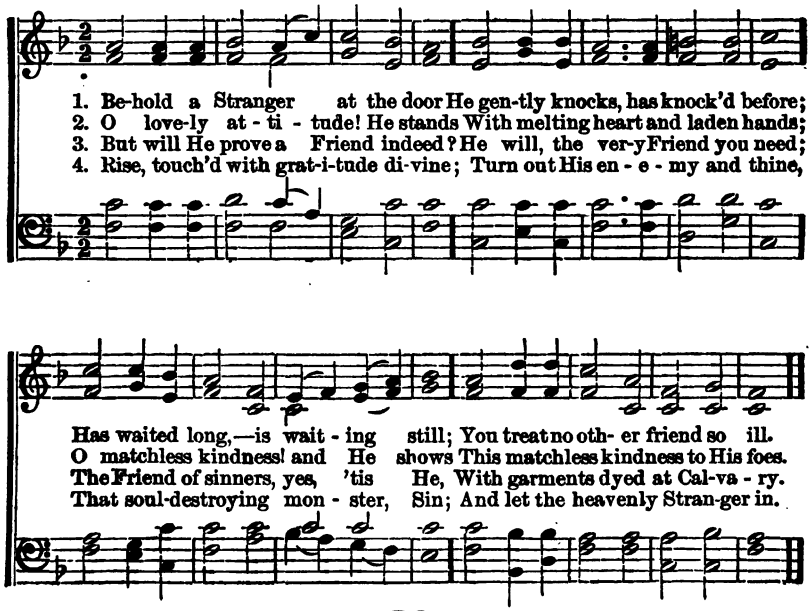
The Lord is Coming.—Concluded.



No. 37. Behold a Stranger.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. Grigg. Henry K. Oliver.



No. 38. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 CHR. 29: 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY. KOSCHAT, arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Our Sav-iour di - vine, All pow'r and do-
2. All hon - or and praise to Thine ex - cel- lent name; Thy love is un-
3. The strength of the hills, and The depths of the sea, The earth and its
4. Thine in - fi - nite goodness Our tongues shall employ; Thou giv - est us

min - ion For - ev - er be Thine; We sing of Thy mer - cy With
chang-ing, For - ev - er the same; We bless and a - dore Thee, O
full - ness, Be - long un - to Thee; And yet to the low - ly Thou
rich - ly All things to en - joy; We'll fol - low Thy foot-steps, We'll

joy - ful ac - claim; For Thou hast re-deemed us; All praise to Thy name;
Sav-iour and King; With joy and thanksgiv-ing, Thy prais - es we sing;
bend-est Thine ear, So read - y their hum- ble Pe - ti - tions to hear;
rest in Thy love, And soon we shall praise Thee In man-sions a - bove;

For Thou hast re - deemed us; All praise to Thy name.
With joy and thanks- giv - ing, Thy prais - es we sing.
So read - y their hum - ble Pe - ti - tions to hear.
And soon we shall praise Thee In man - sions a - bove.

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No. 39. What a Gospel!

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. It is finished; what a gospel! Nothing has ‖: been left:‖ to do,
2. It is finished; what a gospel! Bringing news of ‖:vict'ry:‖ won,
3. It is finished; what a gospel! Here each weary ‖:la-den:‖ breast,
4. It is finished; what a gospel! Je - sus died ‖:to save:‖ your soul;

But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Saviour did for you.
Tell - ing us of peace and par- don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
That ac- cepts God's gra- cious of - fer, En - ters in - to per - fect rest.
Have you tak - en His sal - va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?

Chorus.

It is finished; Hal - le - lu - jah! It is finished, Hal- le - lu - jah!

Christ the work has ful - ly done; Hal-le - lu - jah! All who will may

have their par - don Through the blood of God's own Son.

* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

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No. 40. There is a Paradise of Rest.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

W. R. LINDSAY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There is a Par - a- dise of rest On yon - der tran- quil shore;
2. There is a cit - y crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell;
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un - to death, Press on the heaven-ly way,

Be- yond the shad-ow and the gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
For they who en- ter shall be-hold the King, And in His presence dwell.
To those who patient- ly His com- ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.
That we may en- ter thro' the Gates of Life To realms of end-less day.

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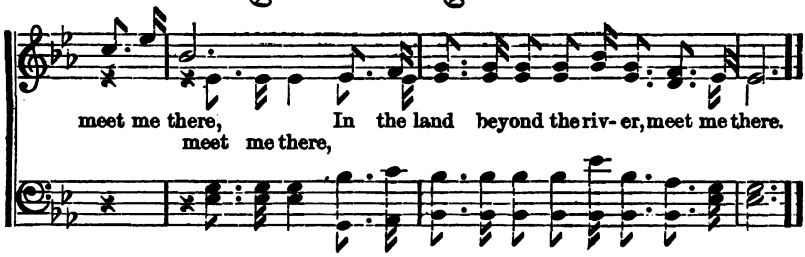
CHORUS.

Meet me there, ... oh, meet me there, At the
meet me there, meet me there,

dawn- ing of that morn-ing bright and fair; Meet me there, ... oh,
meet me there,

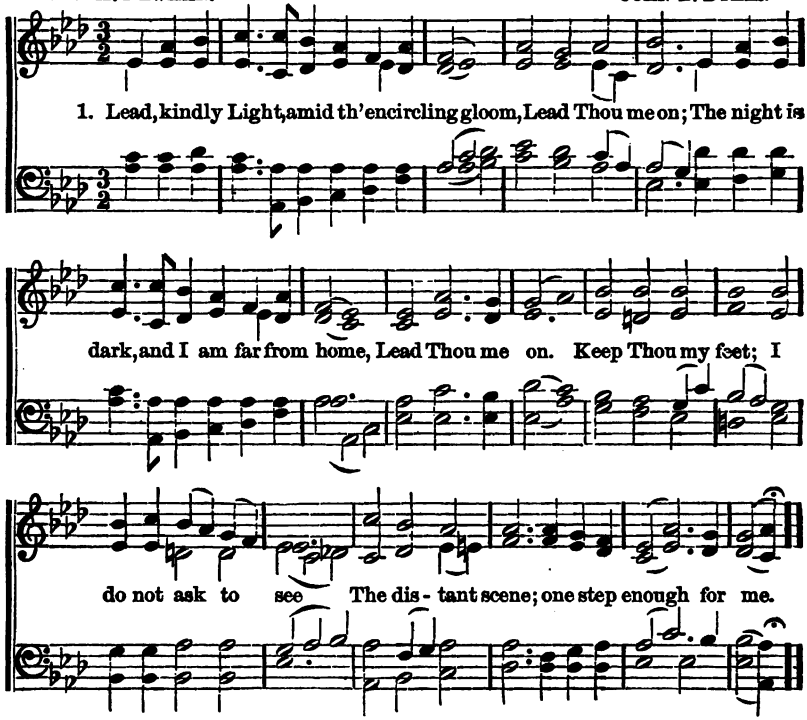
There is a Paradise of Rest.—Concluded.



No. 41. Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

No. 42. I will Pass over You.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The pre-cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up- on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm the judg- ment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey

He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He fulfilled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by the shed - ding, of His blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.

CHORUS.

It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for-ev - er true:
It is His word, God's precious word,

When I the Lord shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I the Lord shall see the blood,

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No. 43. Calling to thee.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Out on the mount-ain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its ma-zes, no light can'st thou see; Yet in His mer-cy, full of com-pass-ion, Lo! the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
2. Far on the mount-ain, why wilt thou wan-der? Deep-er in dark-ness thy path-way will be; Turn from thy roam-ing, fly from its dangers, While the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
3. Flee from thy bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly be-lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Won-der-ful mer-cy, boundless com-pass-ion, Still the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.

CHORUS.

Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee; Je-sus is call-ing, "Come unto Me;"
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee, Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

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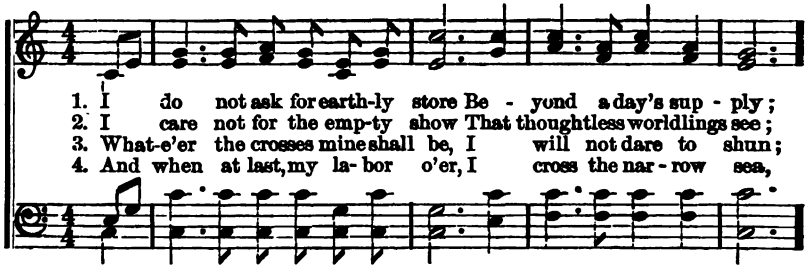
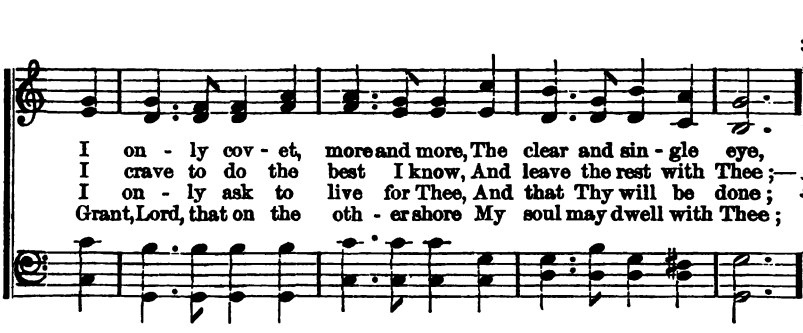
No. 44. The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—JER. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.





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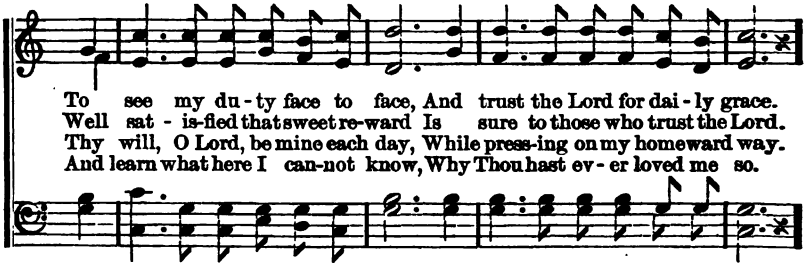
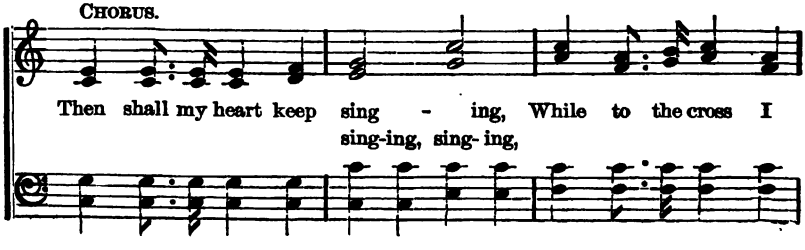


CHORUS.



The Eye of Faith.—Concluded.

cling; For rest is sweet at Je - sus' feet, While

cling, I cling;

home- ward faith keeps wing - ing, While homeward faith keeps wing - ing.

No. 45. Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorch-ing sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the spark-ling fount-ain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,
4. Thro' the wa - ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one de - sire:
5. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink;

And lead me on.

Fa - ther, do Thou hold my hand,
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet,
With its wells, as crys - tal clear,
With Thy love my heart in - spire,
Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink,

And lead me on.

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No. 46. Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way on to my home, And there in its sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I jour-ney with song, O beau - ti- ful E- den-land, thou art my home.
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way far-ther to go, O'er mount-ain and val -ley where dark waters flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer, His word is my guid- ing-star; why should I fear?
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way; there I shall see The friends that in glo - ry are wait-ing for me; Their voic- es from home now float on the air, They're calling me ten - der- ly, calling me there.

'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way, on - ly a lit-tle way, 'Tis only a lit-tle way on to my home.

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No. 47. I Will Praise Thee.

"Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM 148:1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. I will praise the Lord my Glo- ry, I will praise the Lord my Light,
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King,
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past -ure, Door and Fold,
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Sav-iour, Brother, Guide and Friend,
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem- nant of my days,

He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an- gels who a- dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone- ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end- less a - ges, On - ly my Redeem-er's praise.

CHORUS.

I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee O Lord;

I will be glad and re- joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

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No. 48. Not Try, but Trust.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12: 2.

E. G. Taylor, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Not saved are we by try - ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis
2. 'Twas vain for Is - rael bit - ten By ser-pents on their way, To
3. No deeds of ours are need - ed To make Christ's merit more; No

on the blood re - ly- ing, Once for our ran-som paid; 'Tis look- ing
look to their own do- ing, That aw- ful plague to stay; The reme-dy
frames of mind, or feel-ings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis sim - ply

un - to Je - sus, The ho - ly One and just; 'Tis His great work that
for their heal-ing, When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's re -
to re-ceive Him, The ho - ly One and just, 'Tis on - ly to be -

Chorus.

saves us, It is not Try, but Trust.
veal - ing, It was not Try, but Trust.
lieve Him, It is not Try, but Trust.
} It is not Try, but Trust; It

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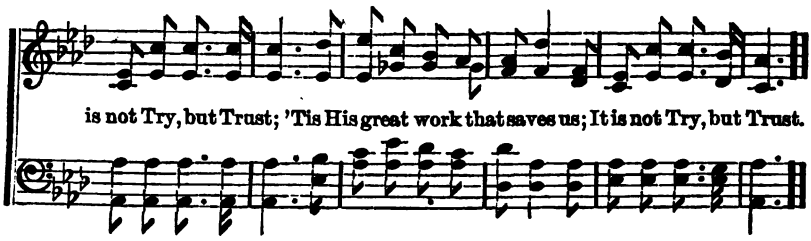
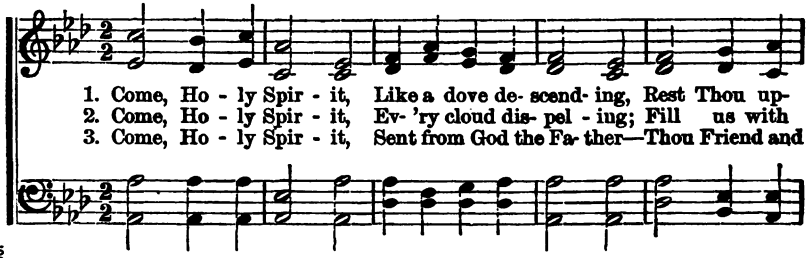
Not Try, but Trust.—Concluded.

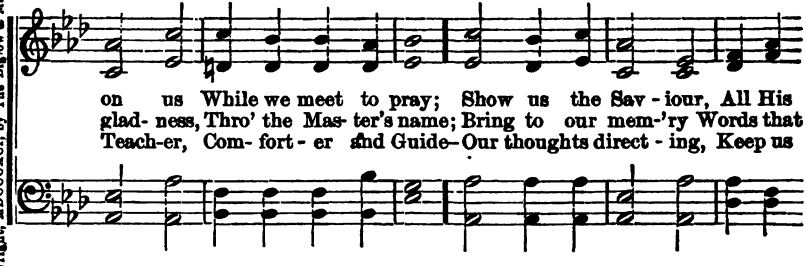


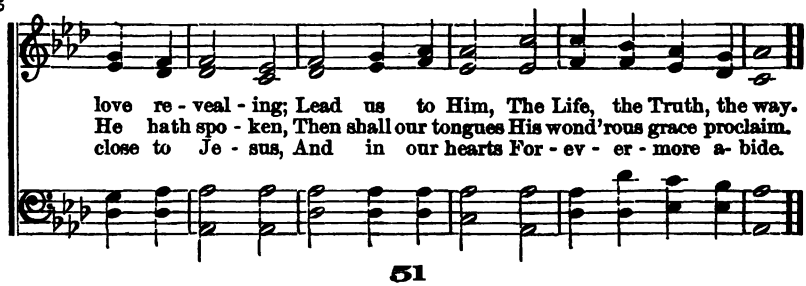
No. 49. Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—JOHN 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.







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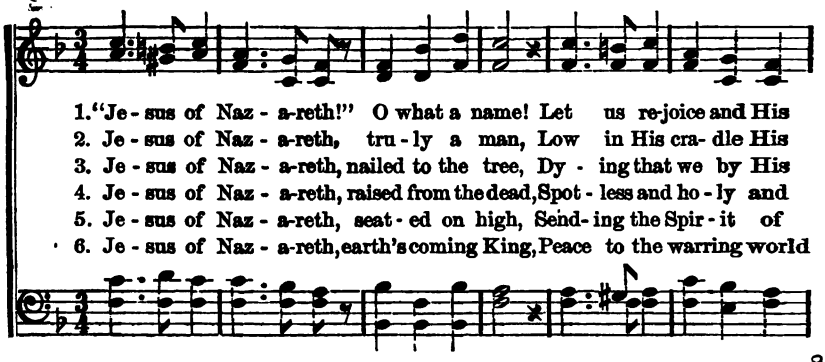
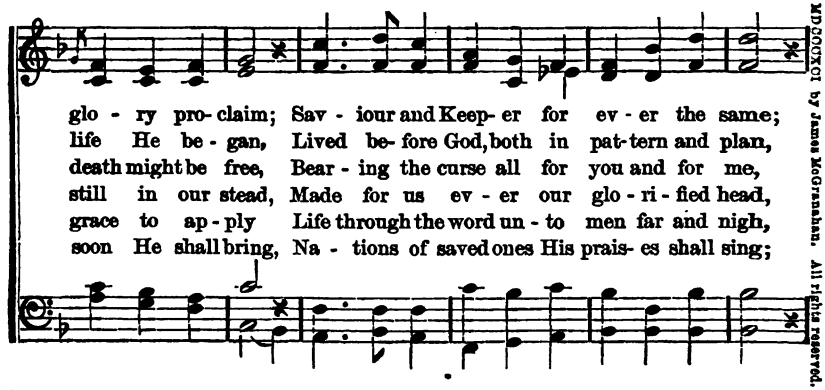
No. 50. Jesus of Nazareth.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."—ACTS. 2: 22.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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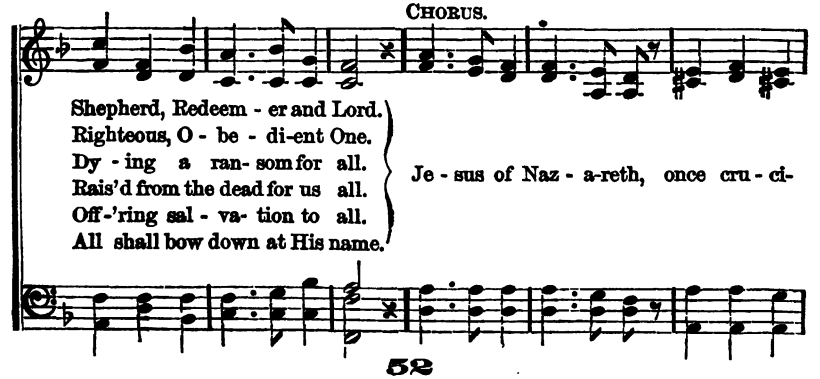
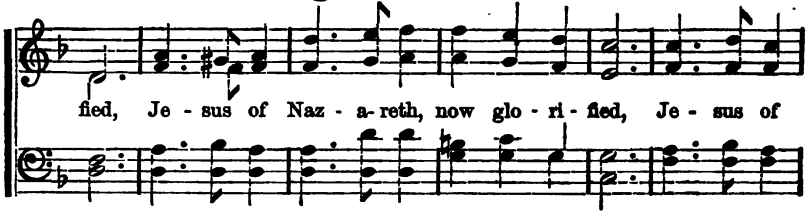
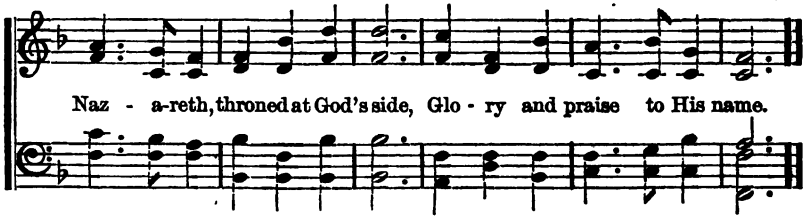
CHORUS.



Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

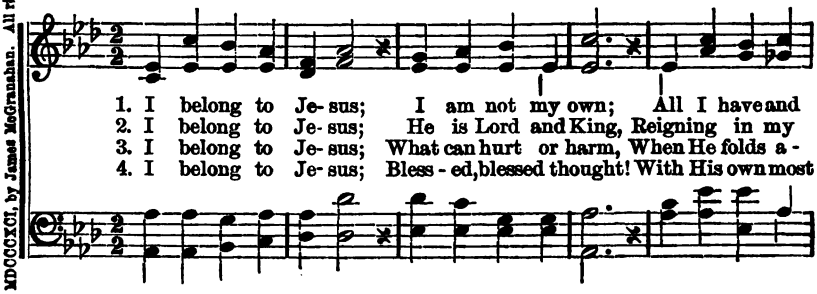


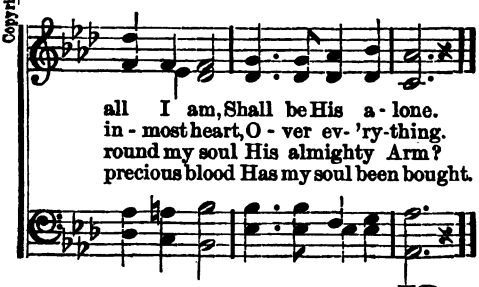


No. 51. I belong to Jesus.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—ACTS. 27: 23.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.





5 I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me,
I am His and He is mine;
Through eternity.

6 I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there.
In the glory land.

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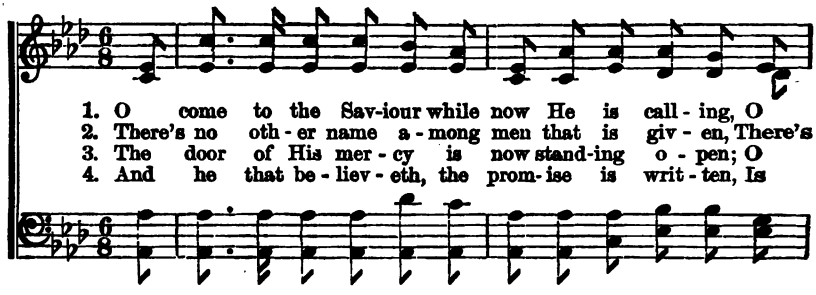
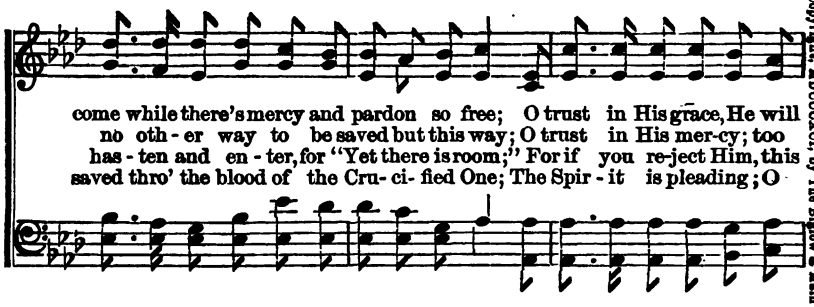
No. 52. O Come to the Saviour.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—PROV. 8: 17.

Words arr. J. J. LOWE.



1. O come to the Sav-iour while now He is call - ing, O
2. There's no oth - er name a - mong men that is giv - en, There's
3. The door of His mer - cy is now stand-ing o - pen; O
4. And he that be - liev - eth, the prom-ise is writ - ten, Is



come while there's mercy and pardon so free; O trust in His grace, He will
no oth - er way to be saved but this way; O trust in His mer-cy; too
has - ten and en - ter, for "Yet there is room;" For if you re-ject Him, this
saved thro' the blood of the Cru- ci- fied One; The Spir - it is pleading; O

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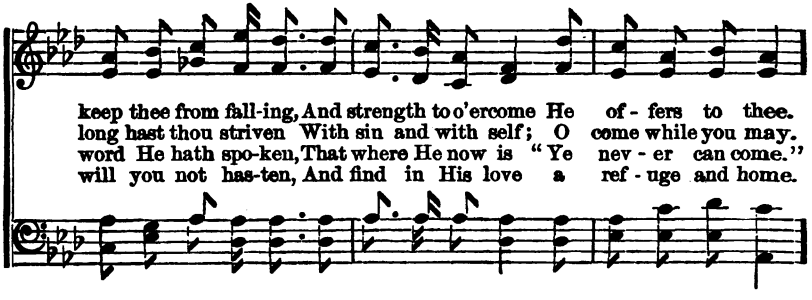
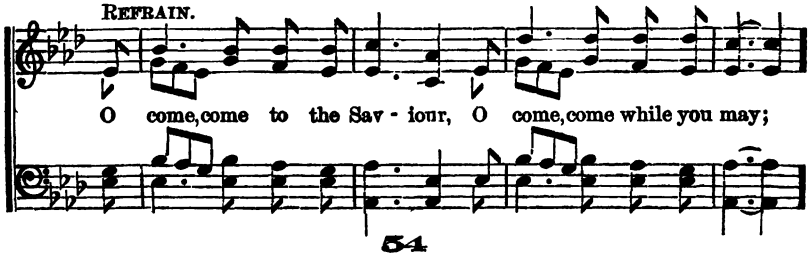


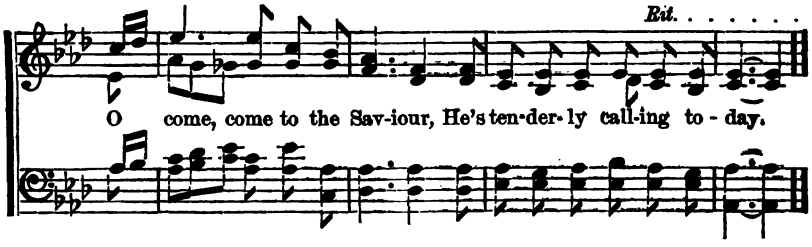
keep thee from fall-ing, And strength to o'ercome He of - fers to thee.
long hast thou striven With sin and with self; O come while you may.
word He hath spo-ken, That where He now is "Ye nev - er can come."
will you not has-ten, And find in His love a ref - uge and home.

REFRAIN.



O come, come to the Sav - iour, O come, come while you may;

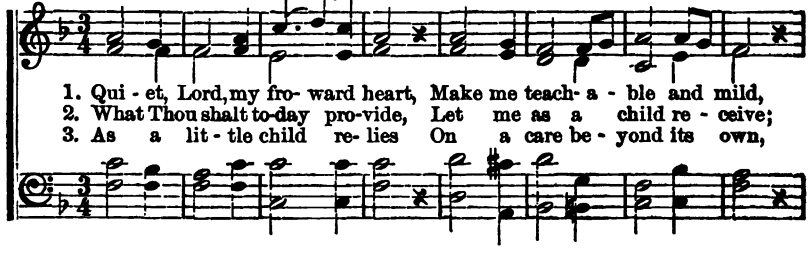
O Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.

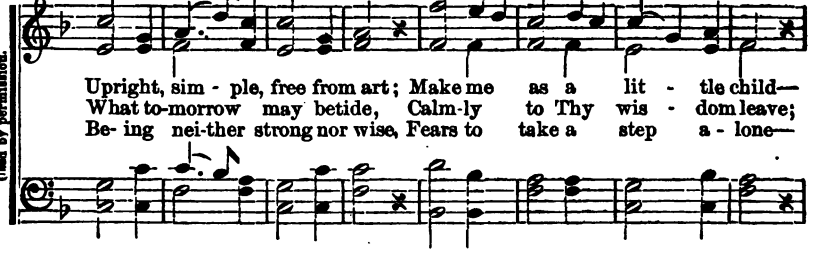


No. 53. Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—ISA. 32: 18.

J. NEWTON. F. KÜCKEN, arr. J. P. HOLBROOK.





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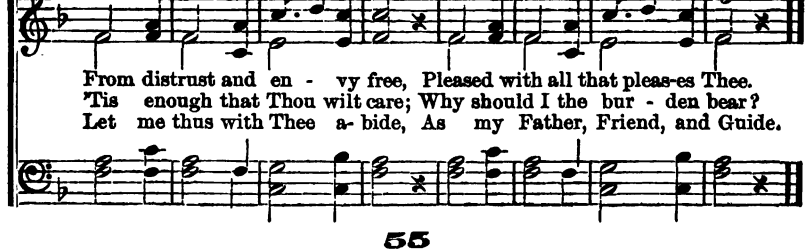

No. 54. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy,
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness

boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

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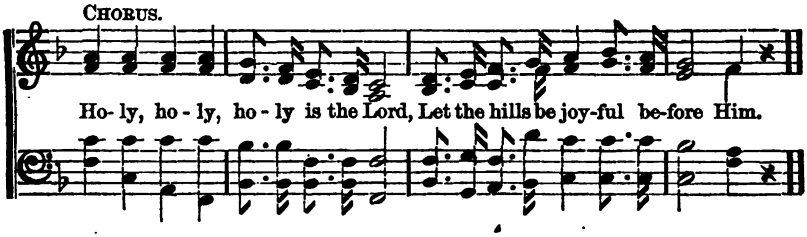
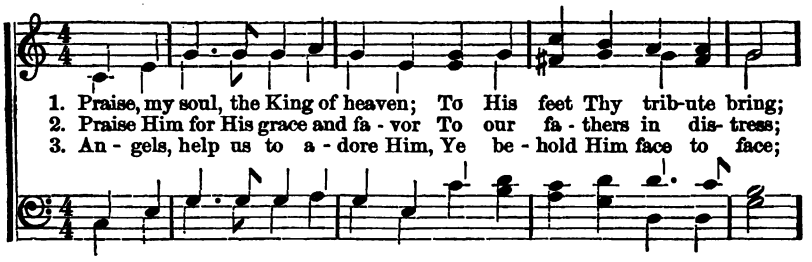
Holy, Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

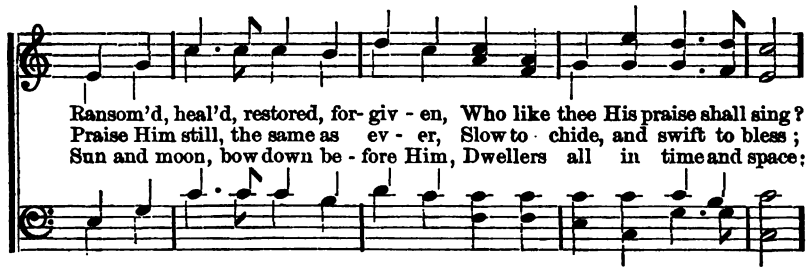


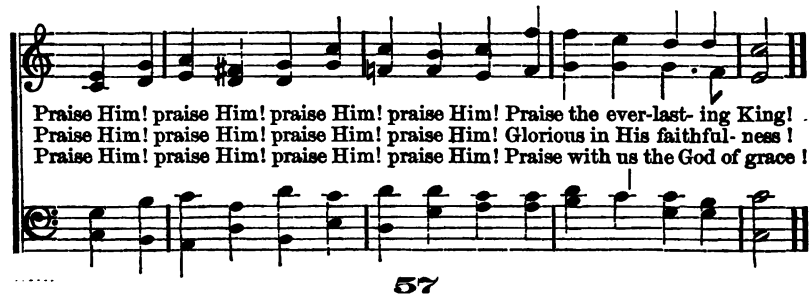
No. 55. Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

H. F. LYTE. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.







No. 56. Christ, my All.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. In the hour when guilt as-sails me, On His gra-cious name I call,
2. In the night when sorrow clouds me, And the burn-ing tear drops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor-tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall,

Then I find the heavenly fullness, Christ, my right-eous-ness, my all.
Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.
Then my song of res-ur-rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.

CHORUS.

All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,

This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all;"

Rit.

This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all."

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No. 57. O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

I. WATTS, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor- tal reign;
2. There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Mo- ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be- tween.
Not Jor- dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

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CHORUS.

O wond- 'rous land be - yond the sky, O land so bright and fair,

When shall we reach Thy gold - en gates, And dwell for - ev - er there?

No. 58. Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. 2: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. As lives the flow'r within the seed, As in the cone the tree,
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
3. As rays of light from yon-der sun The flow'rs of earth set free,
4. With long- ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
But in God's word the light I found, Now Christ liv-eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ living in me.
As on the wond'rous tho't I dwell, That Christ liv-eth in me.

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CHORUS.

Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me, O

O what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me!

No. 59. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3.

Rev. J. P. HUTCHINSON. Arr. by E. N. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. We have felt the love of Je - sus In our hearts with rapture glow;
2. Chos - en not for our deservings, But that God His grace might show;
3. Will He leave when care en-croaches? When we're tempted will He go?

Will that love for-sake and leave us? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!
For our fail - ures will He leave us? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!
When the last dread hour ap-proaches? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!

If on beds of pain we languish, Earth-ly friends may lightly go,
'Tis in Christ the Fa- ther sees us, To His Son the love doth flow;
And when safe - ly home in glo - ry, When sad tears no long- er flow,

Will He leave us in our an-guish? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!
Will He turn a- way from Je - sus? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!
Can we e'er for- get the sto - ry? Nev-er, no! Oh, nev-er, no!

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No. 60. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 17.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. Soon will come the set- ting sun, When our work will all be done,
2. Deep the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howl- ing of the gale,
3. Flood the heart with part-ing tears, Frost the head with passing years,

And the wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gen- tle cry,
Long and dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way
Let the days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come,

Will a-wake us by and by, And we'll meet a-gain on Zi - on's hill.
To the shin- ing realms of day, With the shadow and the storm no more.
In His love to take us home, And we'll nev- er know a sor - row there.

Chorus.

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,

And the Sav - iour's like- ness bear, When we meet each oth - er

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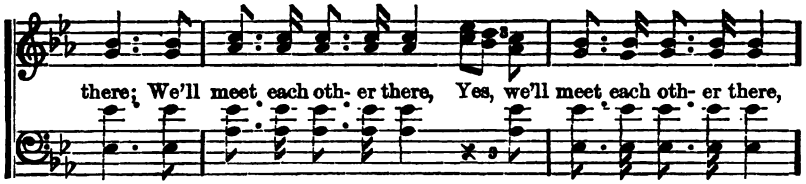
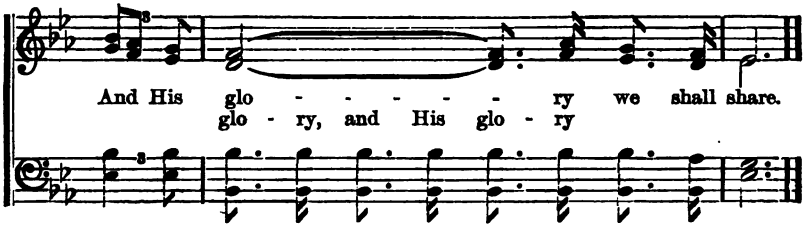
We'll Meet Each Other—Concluded.

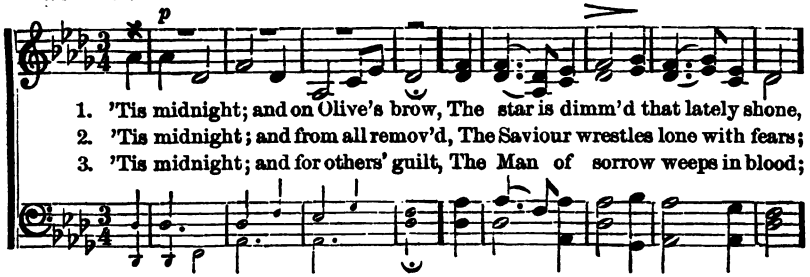


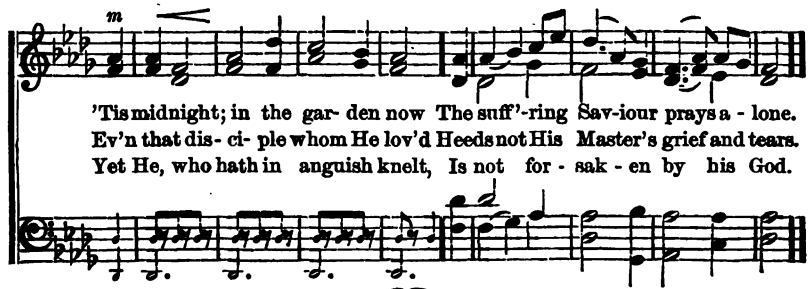


No. 61. "'Tis Midnight."

"It is finished."—JOHN 19: 30.

WM. B. TAPPAN. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



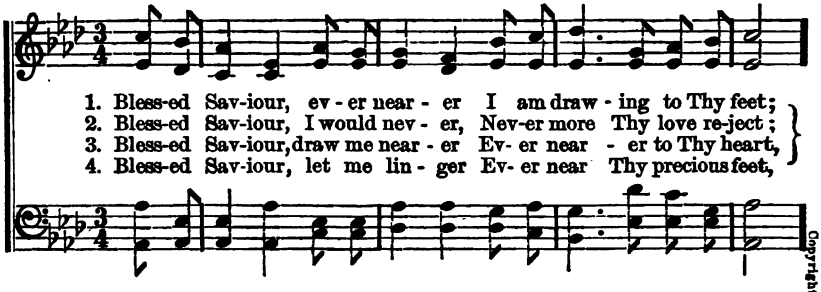


No. 62. Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

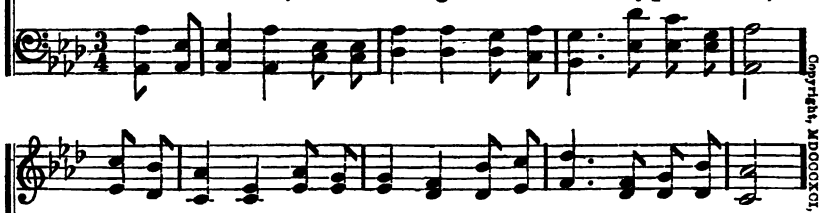
"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPH. 2: 13.

Furnished by MERTON SMITH.
Arr. by EL NATHAN.

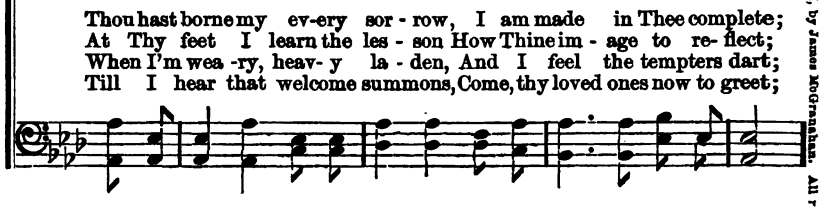
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



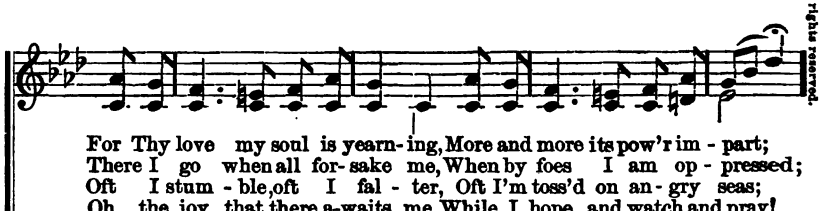
1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, ev - er near - er I am draw - ing to Thy feet;
2. Bless-ed Sav-iour, I would nev - er, Nev-er more Thy love re-ject;
3. Bless-ed Sav-iour, draw me near - er Ev- er near - er to Thy heart,
4. Bless-ed Sav-iour, let me lin - ger Ev- er near Thy precious feet,



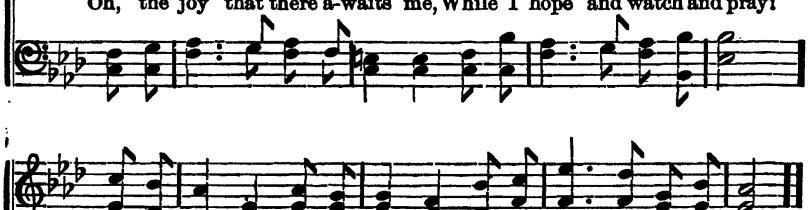
Thou hast borne my ev-ery sor - row, I am made in Thee complete;
At Thy feet I learn the les - son How Thine im - age to re- flect;
When I'm wea -ry, heav- y la - den, And I feel the tempters dart;
Till I hear that welcome summons, Come, thy loved ones now to greet;



For Thy love my soul is yearn- ing, More and more its pow'r im - part;
There I go when all for- sake me, When by foes I am op - pressed;
Oft I stum - ble, oft I fal - ter, Oft I'm toss'd on an - gry seas;
Oh, the joy that there a-waits me, While I hope and watch and pray!



I have heard Thy ten- der plead-ing, Come and dwell with-in my heart.
Then I hear Thy loved voice say-ing, Come to me, I give you rest.
But I know that Thou wilt guide me, Thro' the storm, to end-less peace.
For the morn- ing light is dawn- ing, Of the fair and end-less day.



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No. 63. Behold Him!

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN 1: 29.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Look up! look up! ye wea - ry ones, Whose skies are veil'd in night,
2. The gifts ye bro't with lov- ing hand Your Lord will not dis - own,
3. Re - joice, the grave is o - ver-come, And lo! the an - gels sing;

For He who knows the path you tread Will yet re-store the light;
Their o - dors sweet to heav'n shall rise Like incense 'round His throne;
The grandest tri- umph ev - er known Has come thro' Christ our King;

Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of hope's triumphant morn - ing.
Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of joy's transcendent morn - ing.
All heav'n proclaims the dawn - ing Of love's all glorious morn - ing.

Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! Your Sav - iour lives to - day;

Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! The clouds have roll'd a - way.

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No. 64. Lead me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, ... Gen - tly
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul . . . . . When life's
3. Sav - iour, lead me, till at last, ... When the

1. Sav - iour, ... lead me, lest I stray, Gen -

lead me all the way; . . . . . I am safe when by Thy
storm - y bil - lows roll, ... I am safe when Thou art
storm of life is past, ... I shall reach the land of

- tly . . . . . lead me all the way; I . . . . . am . . . . . .

side, ... I would in Thy love a - bide. . . . . .
nigh, ... On Thy mercy I re - ly. . . . . .
day, ... Where all tears are wip'd a - way. . . . . .

safe when by Thy side, I . . . . . would . . . . . in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;

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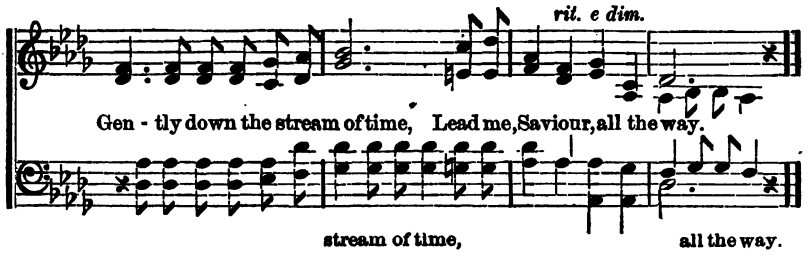
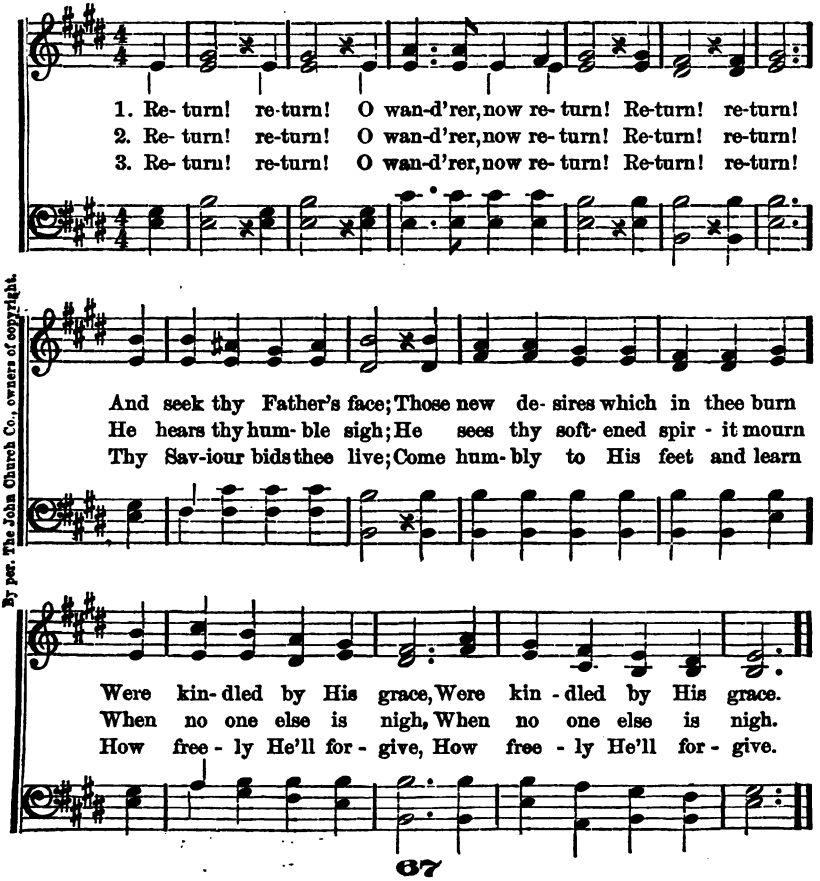
Lead me, Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 65. Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—ISA. 55: 7.

W. B. COLLYER, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.



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No. 66. Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Ezek. 33: 11.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and wea- ry, Lo! the good Shepherd is
2. Still He is wait- ing, why wilt thou per- ish, Tho' thou hast wand'red so
3. List to His mes-sage, think of His mer - cy! Sin-less, yet bear-ing thy
4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, En-ter thro' Je - sus, for

call-ing to - day; Seek-ing to save thee, wait-ing to cleanse thee,
far from the fold? Yet, with His life-blood, He has re-deem'd thee,
sins on the tree; Per- fect re - mis- sion, life ev - er - last - ing,
He is the Door; He is the Shepherd, ten - der - ly call- ing,

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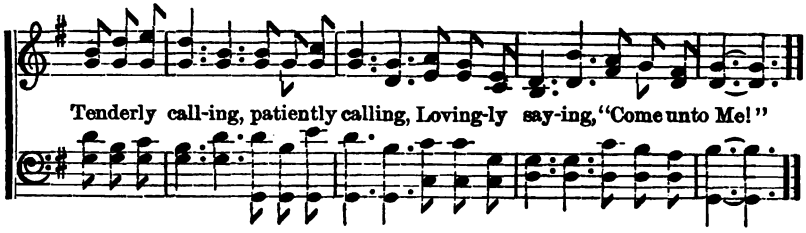
Chorus.

Haste to re - ceive Him, no longer de - lay.
Wondrous compas- sion that cannot be told!
Thro' His a - tonement, He of- fers to thee.
Come in thy weakness, and wander no more.
} Tender - ly call - ing,

pa- tient - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd call-ing to thee;

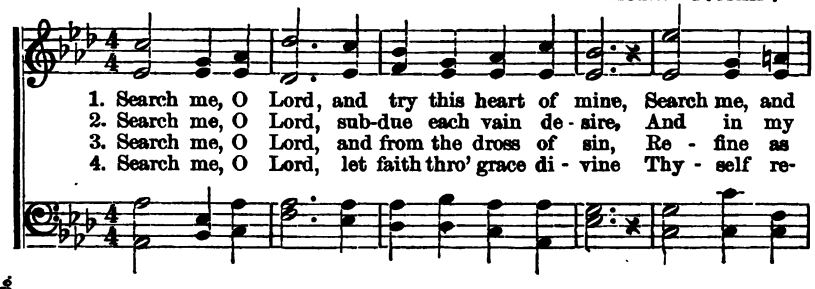
Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.

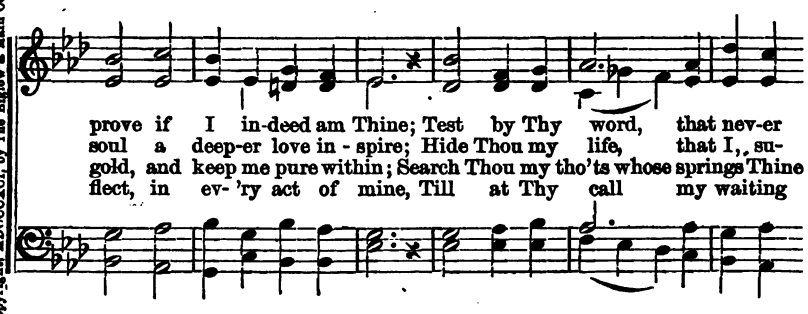


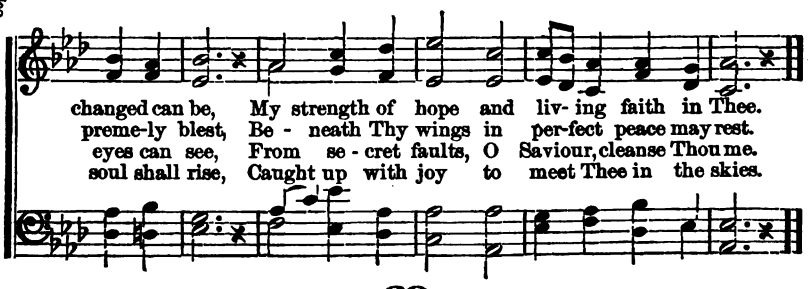
No. 67. Search me, O Lord.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.







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No. 68. Hear the Blessed Invitation.

"The Spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Hear the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come, come; To the fount- ain
2. 'Tis the voice of Je- sus say - ing, Come, come, come; Now His blest com-
3. 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir- it call - ing, Come, come, come; Ere the shades of
4. Lo! "the Spir- it and the Bride say, Come, come, come; And let him that

of sal - va-tion, Come, come, come; Healing streams are flowing still; Welcome,
mand o- bey - ing, Come, come, come; He will cleanse from ev'ry ill; Welcome,
death be fall - ing, Come, come, come; He the heart with peace will fill; Welcome,
hear- eth now say, Come, come, come; And let him that is a- thirst Come, and

"who - so - ev - er will; Let him take the wa- ter of life free - ly."

CHORUS.

Let him take, ... let him take, ... Let him
Let him take, let him take,

take the wat- er of life free - ly; Let him take, ...
let him take,

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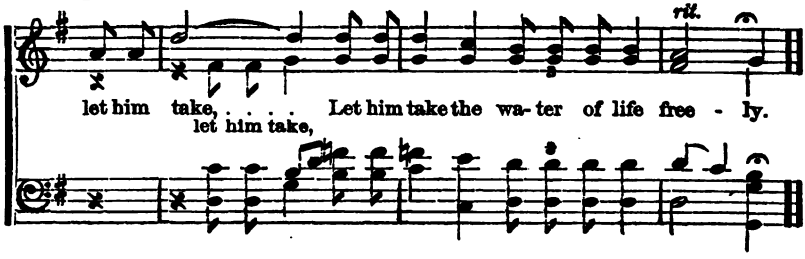
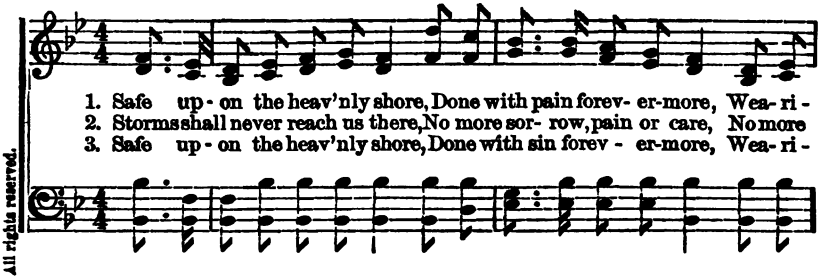
Hear the Blessed Invitation.—Concluded.

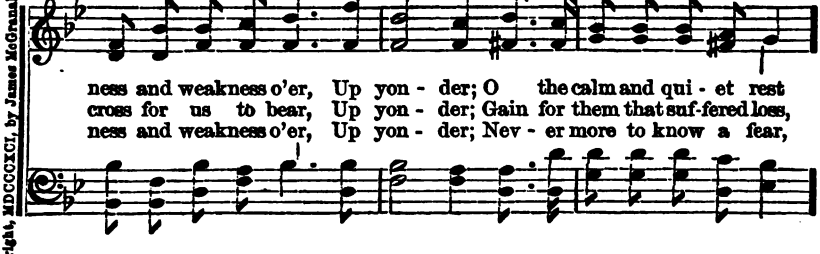


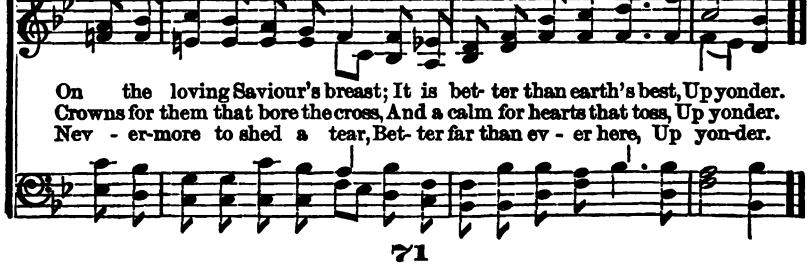
No. 69. Up Yonder.

"Where I am, there ye may be also."—JNO. 14: 3.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.







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No. 70. In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker. Geo. F. Root.

1. In the heav'n-ly past-ures fair, 'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
2. Far from all the noise and strife That disturb our dai-ly life,
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek-ing His stray sheep to find,

Let us rest be-side the liv-ing stream to-day; Calm-ly there in peace re-cline, Drink-ing in the truth di-vine, As His lov-ing call we now with joy o-bey (with joy o-bey).
Let us pause a-while in si-lence and a-dore; Then the sound of His dear voice Will our wait-ing souls re-joice, As He nam-eth us His own for ev-er-more (for ev-er-more).
If they wan-der in-to dan-ger from His side; Ev-er close-ly may we tread Where His ho-ly feet have led, So at last with Him in heav'n we may a-bide (we may a-bide).

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In Heavenly Pastures.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of living green (living green),

Tho' re- vealed with- in the word Of our Shepherd and our Lord,

Rit.

By the pure in heart a- lone can they be seen (ev - er seen).

No. 71. I'm Going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JNO. 14: 2.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
It glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansions shall be mine.

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm going home, I'm go- ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go- ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-[flow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 72. Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night returns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy store of grace,
dear ones long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast prov'd,
eye no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er- last- ing hymn,

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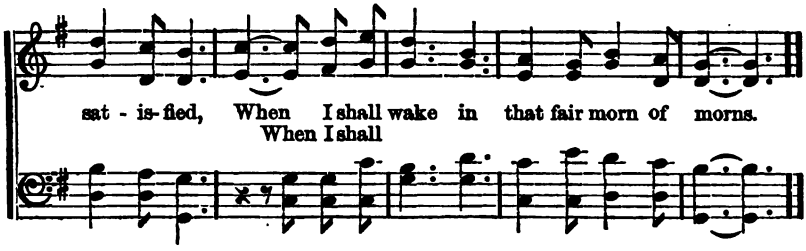
REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is-fied, be sat - is- fied. I shall be sat - is-fied,
I shall be

I shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
I shall be When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I shall be sat - is- fied, I shall be
I shall be I shall be

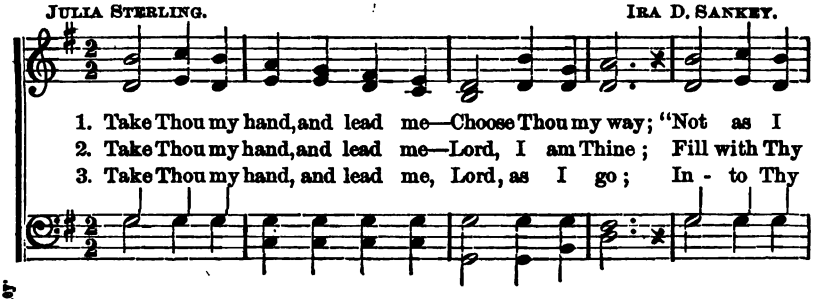
Satisfied.—Concluded.



No. 73. Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.



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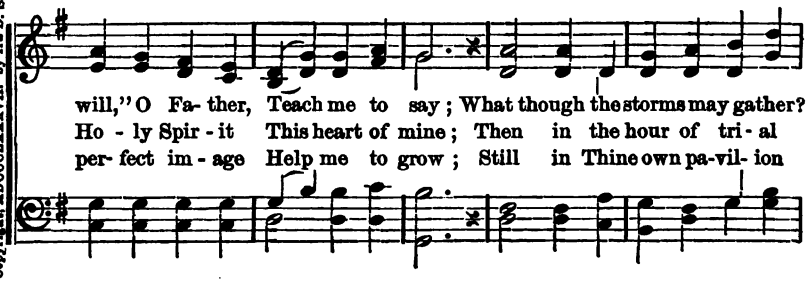
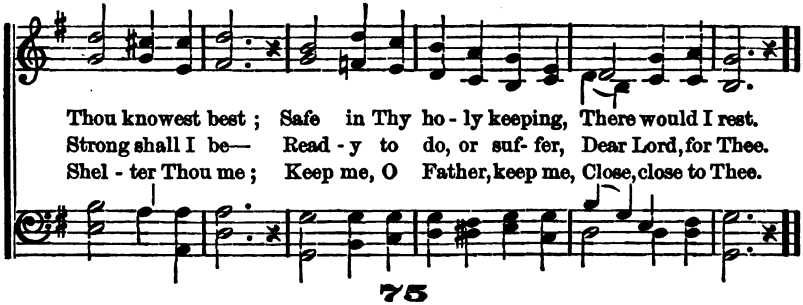
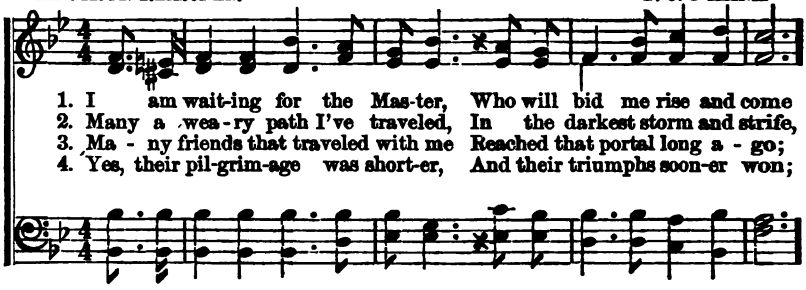


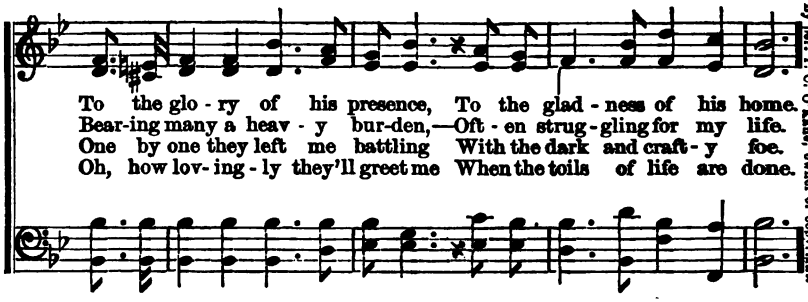


No. 74. Waiting at the Door.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.





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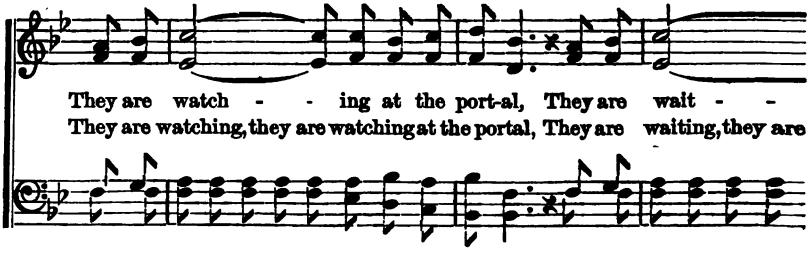
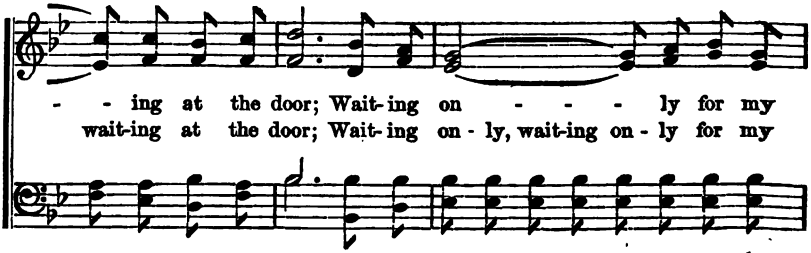
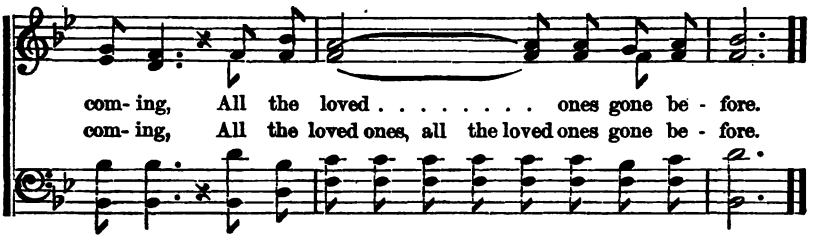
CHORUS.





Waiting at the Door.—Concluded.

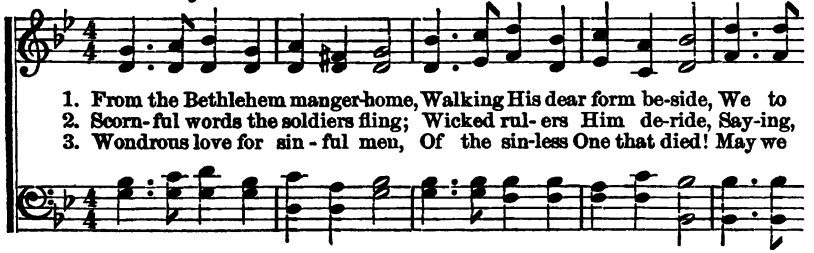


No. 75. They Crucified Him.

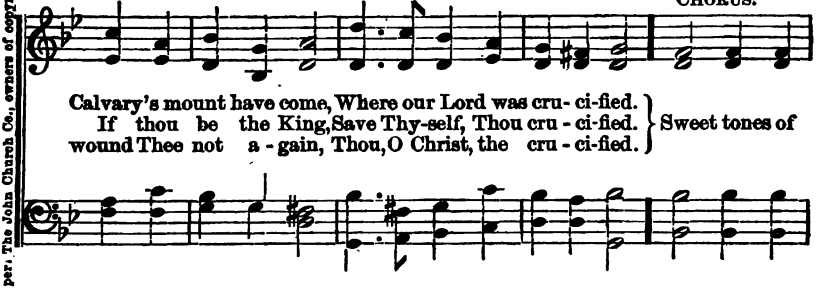
"——and parted his garments."—MATT. 27: 35.

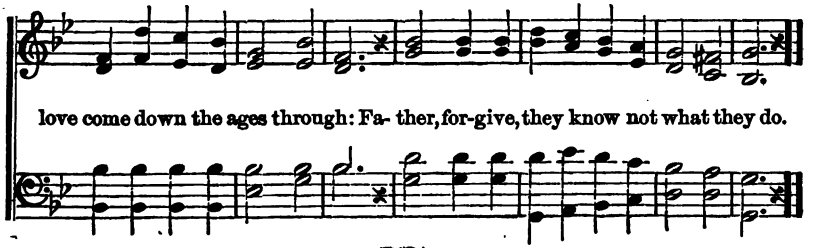
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.



CHORUS.





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Pass it On.

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

ASHER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Pass a - long the in - vi - ta-tion, Who-so - ev - er will may come;
2. Pass a - long the cup of comfort That the Lord has giv - en you;
3. Pass a - long each boon and blessing That may come to you through life;
4. Pass a - long the watchword, "Courage;" Soon the darkness will be o'er;

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass a - long the lov-ing message Un - to ev - 'ry thirsty one; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
Oth - er wea - ry, troubled spirits Need to taste its sweetness too; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
You may help the wea-ry - hearted Who are faint a-mid the strife; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
Pass it on, pass it on, See, al - read - y dawn is breaking On the bright ce-les-tial shore; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.

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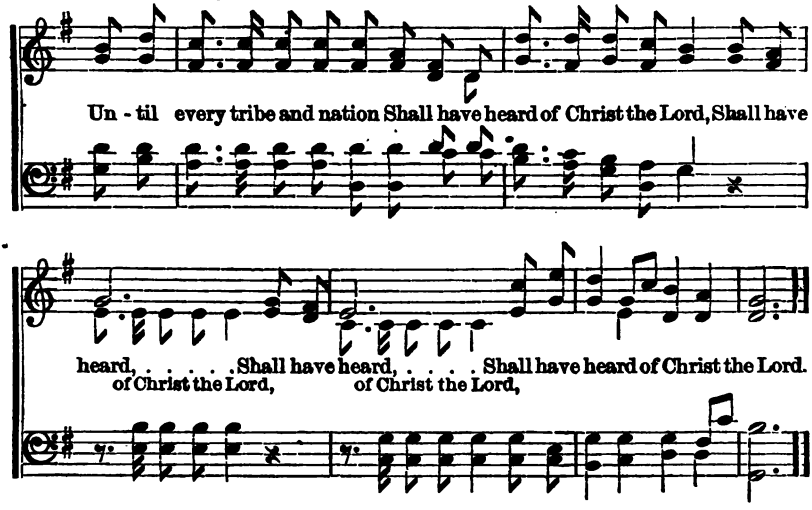
CHORUS.

Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Pass a - long the word of God,

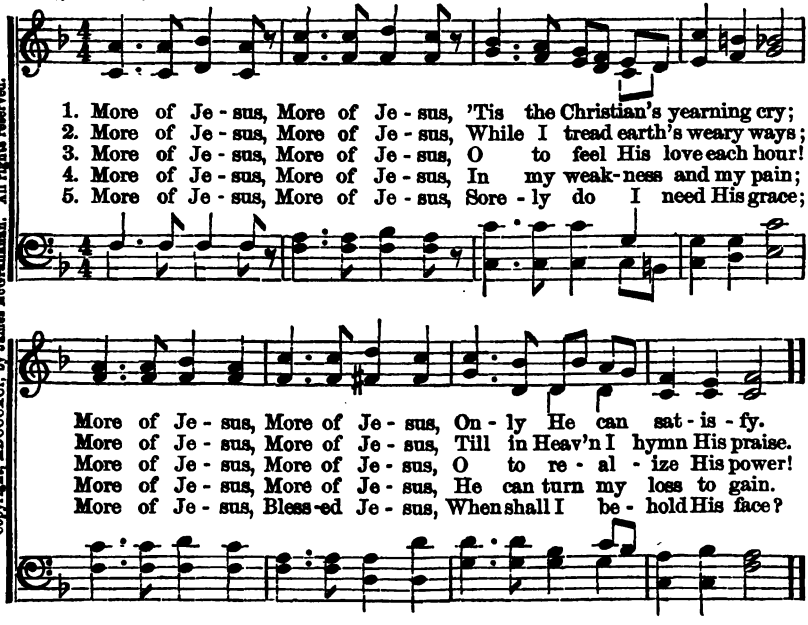
Pass it On.—Concluded.



No. 77. More of Jesus.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 Peter 1: 2.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.



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No. 78. The Wondrous Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

ISAAC WATTS, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When I sur - vey . . . . . the won-drous cross, ...
2. For - bid it, Lord, ... that I should boast, ...
3. See, from His head, ... His hands, His feet, ...
4. Were all the realm . . . . . of na - ture mine, ...

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross,

On which the Prince . . . . . of glo - ry died, ...
Save in the death . . . . . of Christ, my Lord; . . . . . .
Sor - row and love . . . . . flow min-gled down; . . . . . .
That were a gift . . . . . by far too small; . . . . . .

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich - est gain . . . . . I count but loss, ...
All earth - ly things . . . . . that charm me most, ...
Did e'er such love . . . . . and sor - row meet, ...
A love so great . . . . . and so di - vine, ...

My rich - est gain I count but loss,

And pour con - tempt . . . . . on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice . . . . . them to His blood.
Or thorns com - pose . . . . . so rich a crown?
De - mands my soul, ... my life, my all.

And pour con-tempt

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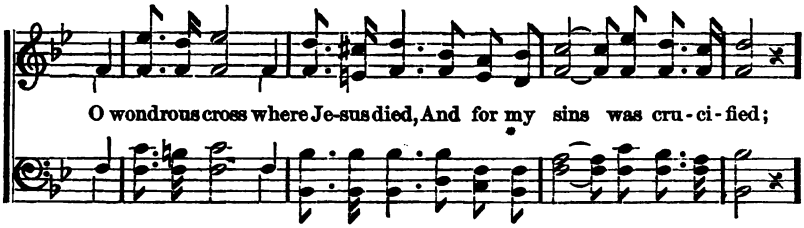
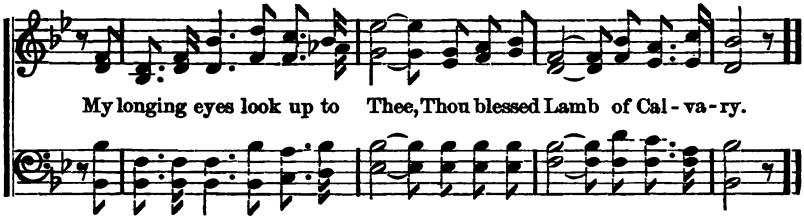
The Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.

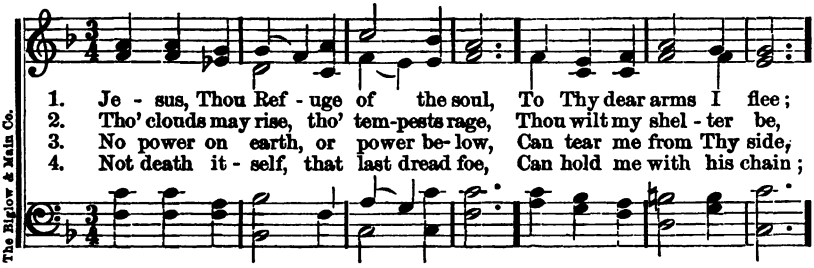


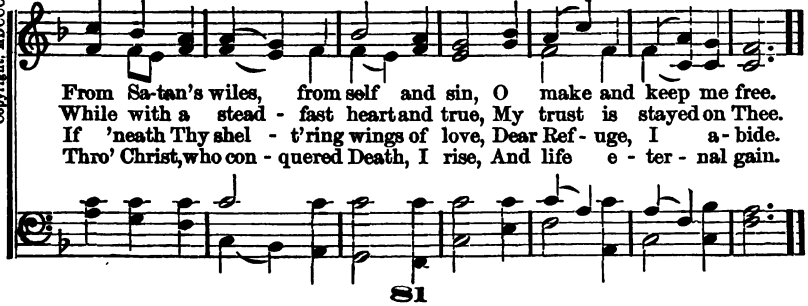


No. 79. Our Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

Mrs. C. Warren. Hubert P. Main.





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No. 80. In Me ye shall have Peace.

"In me ye might have peace."—JOHN 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. In times of sor-row, God is near, His vig - ils nev- er cease,—
2. Tho' long and wea- ry is the night, And morn brings no re - lief,
3. His love we may not un- der-stand, While tri - als here in - crease,
4. Soon shall our eyes the land be- hold Where pain and care shall cease;

His ten - der, lov-ing voice I hear, "In Me ye shall have peace."
Yet faith the promise still be- lieves, "In Me ye shall have peace."
But yet we know His word is sure, "In Me ye shall have peace."
Till then we'll trust the promise sweet, "In Me ye shall have peace."

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CHORUS.

O bless - - ed peace! Sweet boon of heav'n! That
O blessed peace! O blessed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! sweet boon of heav'n! That

bids our trouble cease; O precious word, divinely giv'n, "In Me ye shall have peace!"

No. 81. A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross— A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies, On flow- ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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Chorus.

In the name . . . . of Christ the King, Who hath
In the name of Christ the King,
purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promise crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

No. 82. My God and my All.

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend - er, No cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter - rors ap-pall; The wiles and the snares of the world will but ren - der More live - ly my hope in my
2. Yes, Thou art my ref - uge in sor - row and dan - ger, My strength when I suf - fer, my hope when I fall; My com - fort and joy in this land of the stran-ger, My treas - ure, my glo - ry, my
3. And when Thou de-mand - est the life Thou hast giv - en, With joy will I an - swer thy mer - ci - ful call, And quit this poor earth but to find thee in heav - en, My por - tion for - ev - er, my

REFRAIN.

My God and my all, My God and my all. God and my all. God and my all. God and my all. My God, my all,

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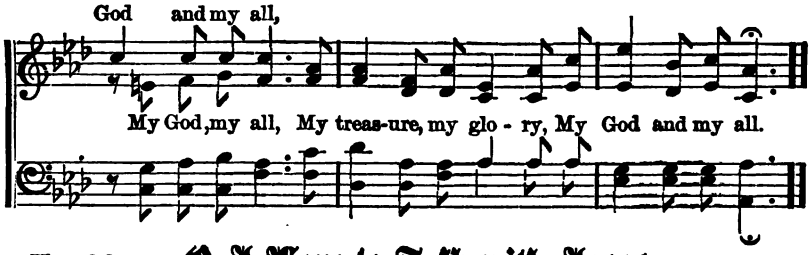
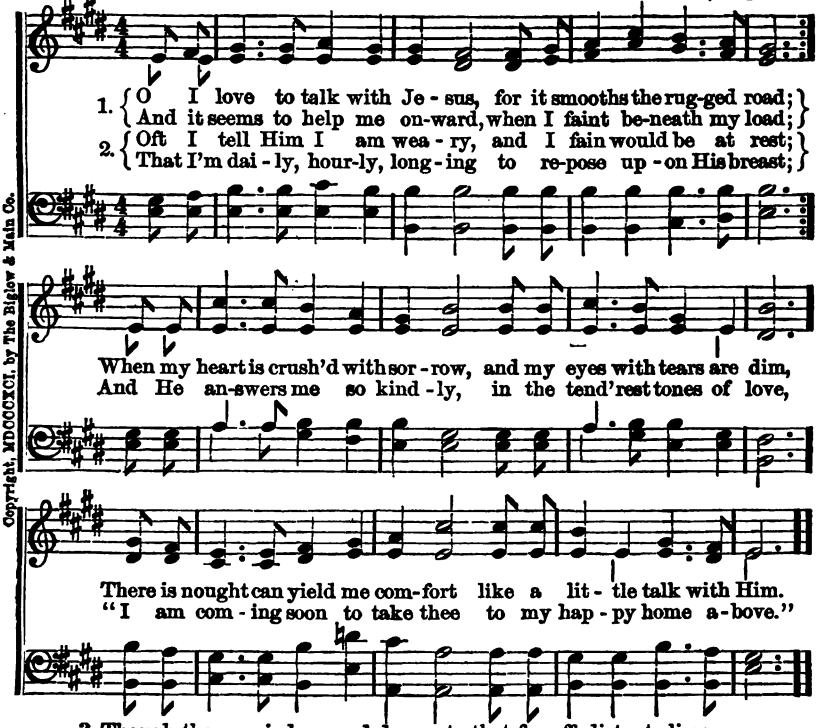
My God and my All.—Concluded.



No. 83. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—Jer. 12: 1.

Words arr. W. G. Fischer, by per.



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3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far off distant clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

No. 84. Sing unto the Lord.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30: 4.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

"Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, sing, sing,

Sing un-to the Lord, And at the remembrance of His ho - li- ness,

FINE.

O give thanks unto the Lord." { 1. O Lord, Thy lov- ing kind- ness Doth
2. Thy goodness we re-mem - ber, We
3. Let saints re-count His mer - cies, And

com-pass all our ways, And "Thy compass-ions fail not," Thro' all the praise Thy ho - li - ness, We look to Thee, O Sav- iour, To save, and fill His courts with praise; Let all who know His goodness, Their hal - le-

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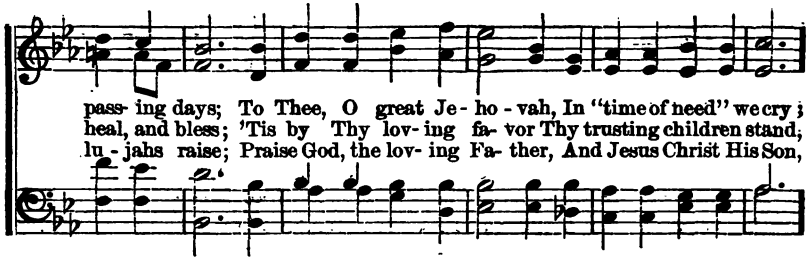
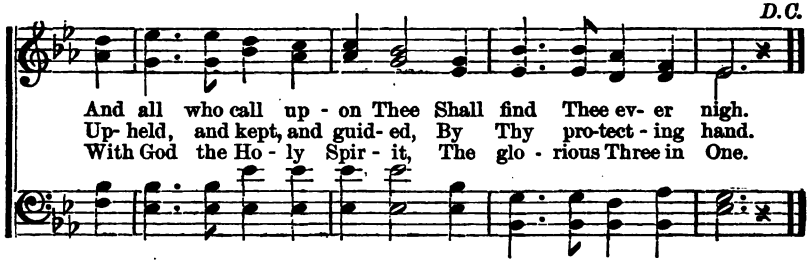
Sing unto the Lord.—Concluded.

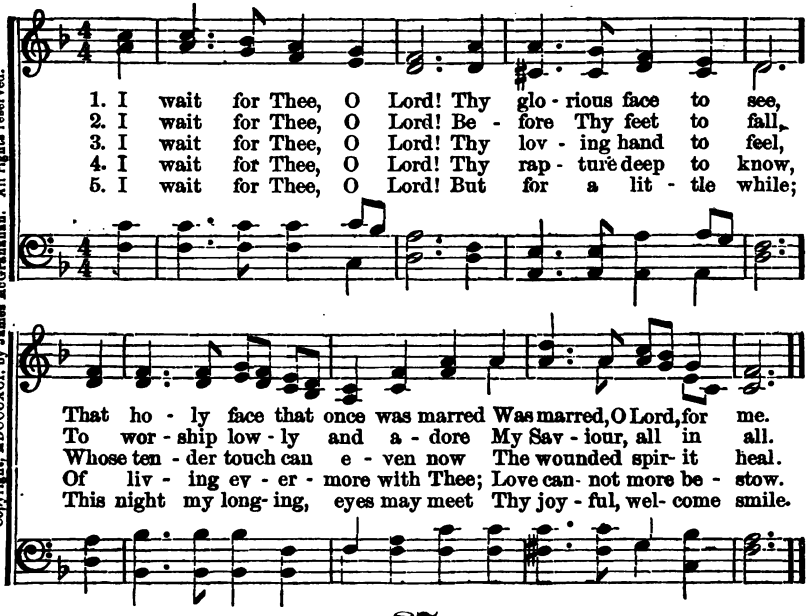




No. 85. I wait for Thee, O Lord.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130: 8.

E. B. M. A. SEA.



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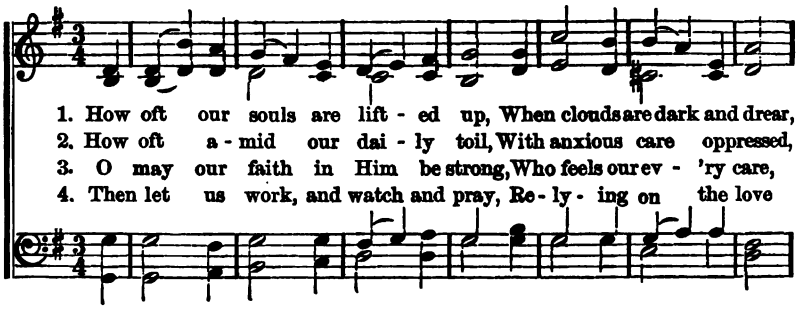
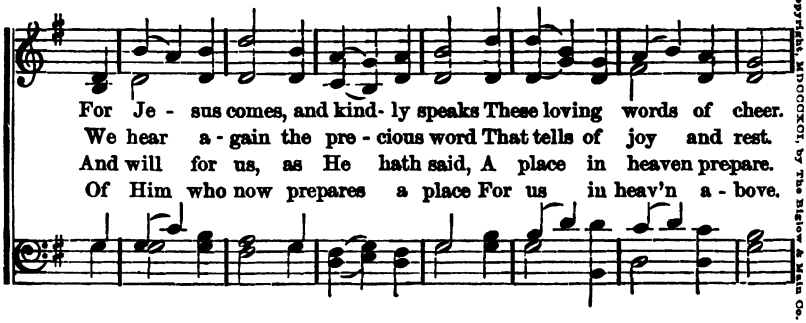
No. 86. The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—JOHN 14: 1.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.





1. How oft our souls are lift - ed up, When clouds are dark and drear,
2. How oft a - mid our dai - ly toil, With anxious care oppressed,
3. O may our faith in Him be strong, Who feels our ev - 'ry care,
4. Then let us work, and watch and pray, Re - ly - ing on the love

For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These loving words of cheer.
We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.
And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven prepare.
Of Him who now prepares a place For us in heav'n a - bove.

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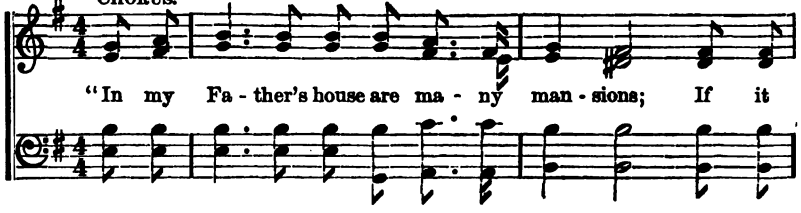
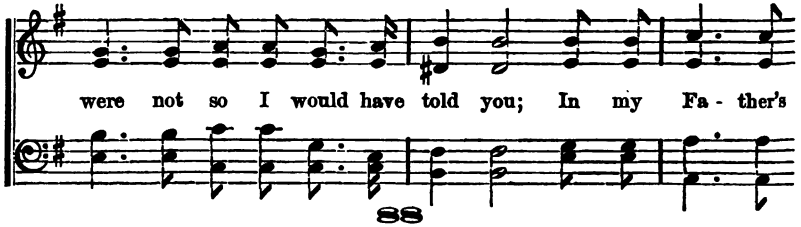
JOHN 14: 2.

CHORUS.

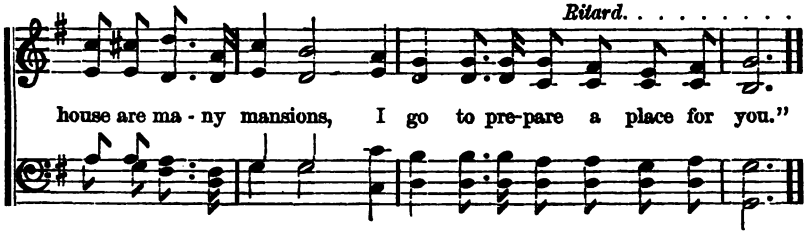




"In my Fa - ther's house are ma - ny man - sions; If it

were not so I would have told you; In my Fa - ther's

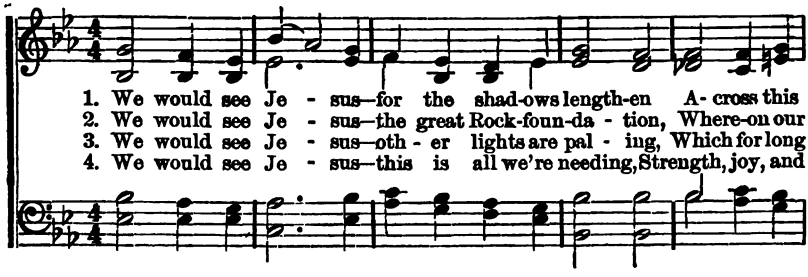
The Many Mansions.—Concluded.

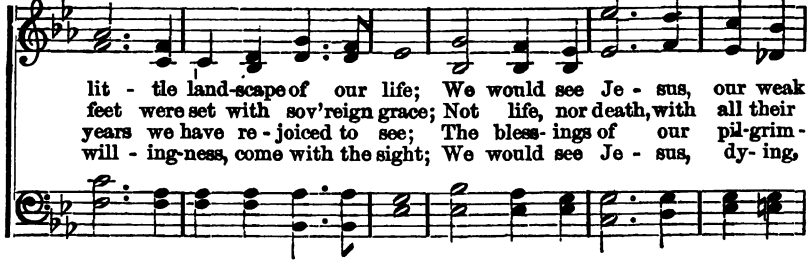


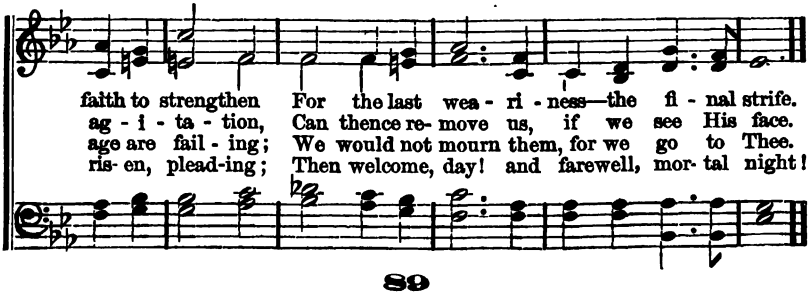
No. 87. We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN 12: 21.

Anon. F. MENDELSSOHN. ARR.



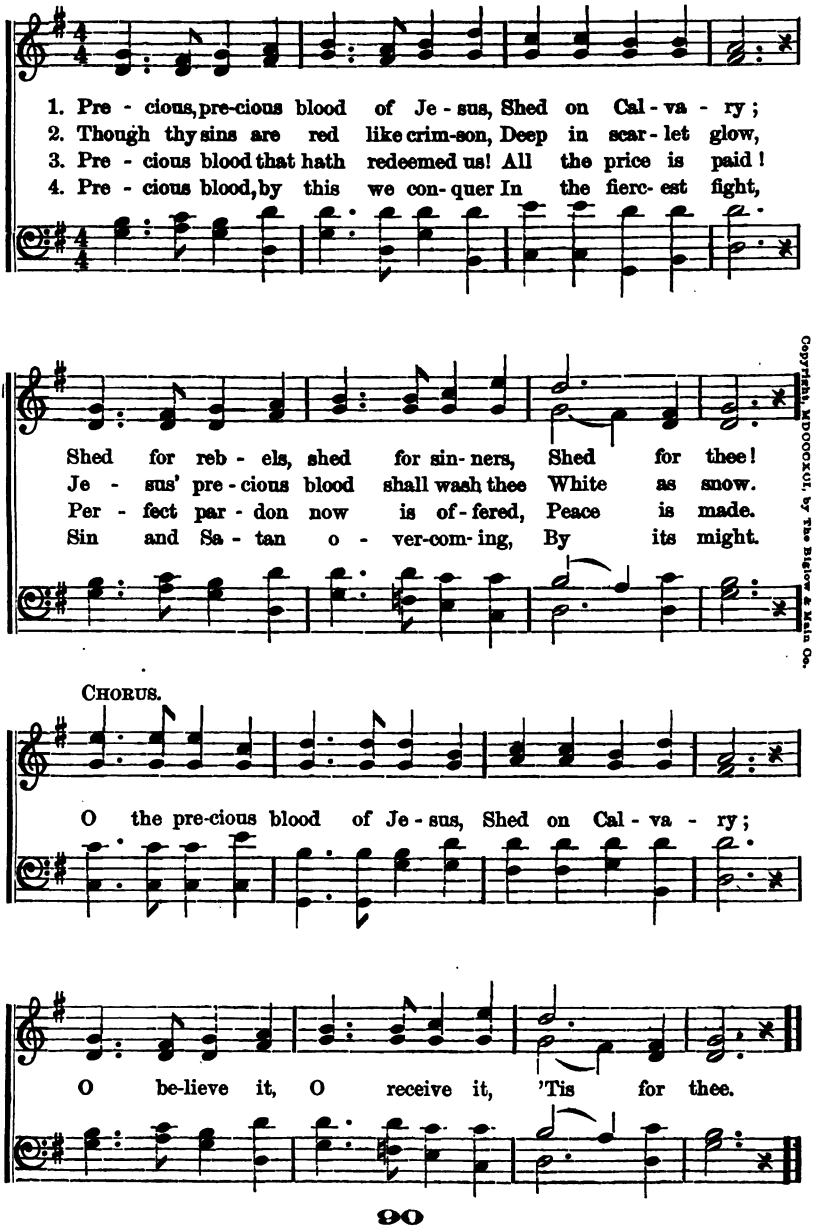




No. 88. Precious Blood of Jesus.

"The precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 19.

Frances R. Havergal. J. H. Burke.


1. Pre - cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
2. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
3. Pre - cious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid!
4. Pre - cious blood, by this we con- quer In the fierc- est fight,
Shed for reb - els, shed for sin- ners, Shed for thee!
Je - sus' pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow.
Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
Sin and Sa - tan o - ver-com- ing, By its might.
Chorus.
O the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
O be-lieve it, O receive it, 'Tis for thee.

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No. 89. Young Men in Christ the Lord.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Sav-iour God,
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be might - y in His word,
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grate - ful trib-ute bring,
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes de - pend,

His name a - dore; For by His wond'rous sac - ri - fice,
Its truths de - clare; And seek the Ho - ly Spir - it's power,
Of love and praise; U - nit - ed in His roy - al name,
Of true re - lief; To ev - 'ry bur-dened soul you meet,

He paid the great redemption price, That all might have e - ter - nal life,
By faith and per - se- vering prayer, That ye may wit- ness a - ny-where,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim, Throughout the world to all Young Men,
His gracious, loving words, so sweet, "*Come un - to me,*" with love re - peat,

That come to God thro' Him.
That sin - ful men are found.
"*Ye must be born a - gain.*"
"*And I will give you rest.*"

5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice.

6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

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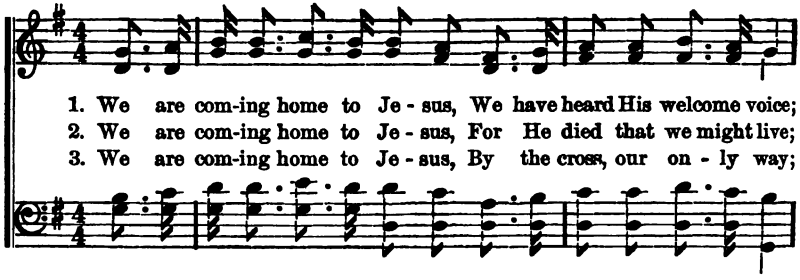
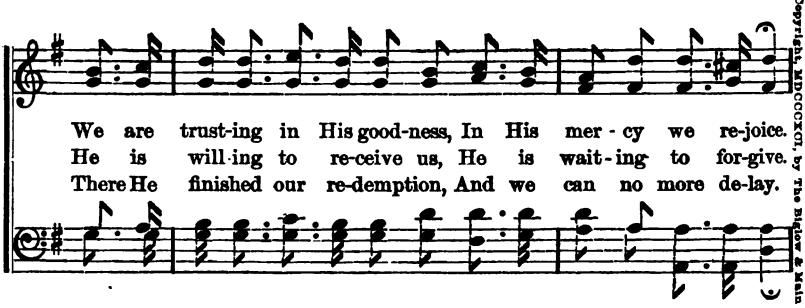
No. 90. Coming Home To-Night.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.





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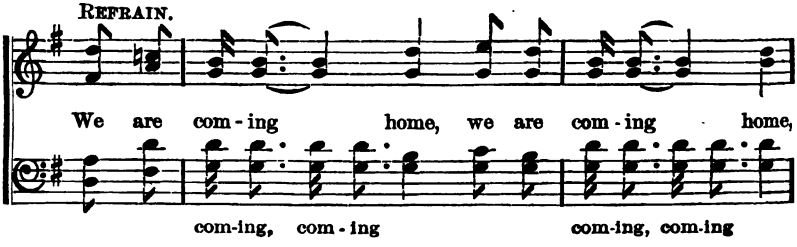
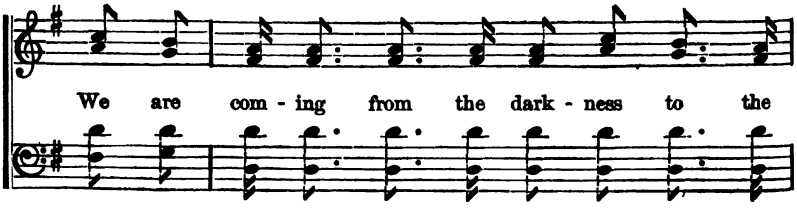
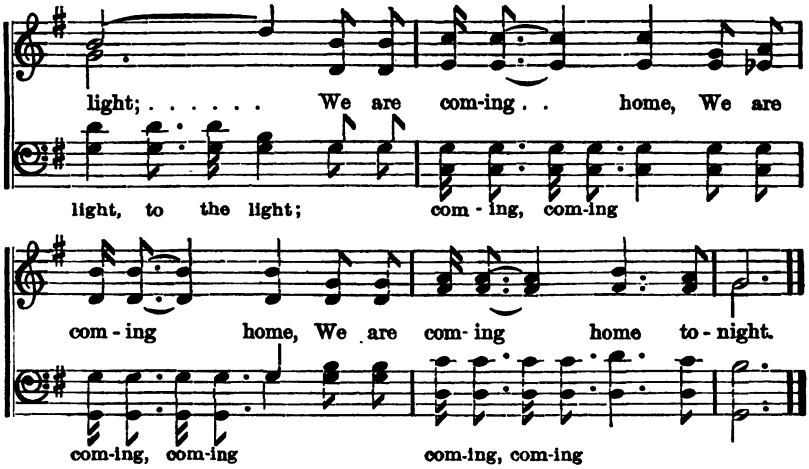




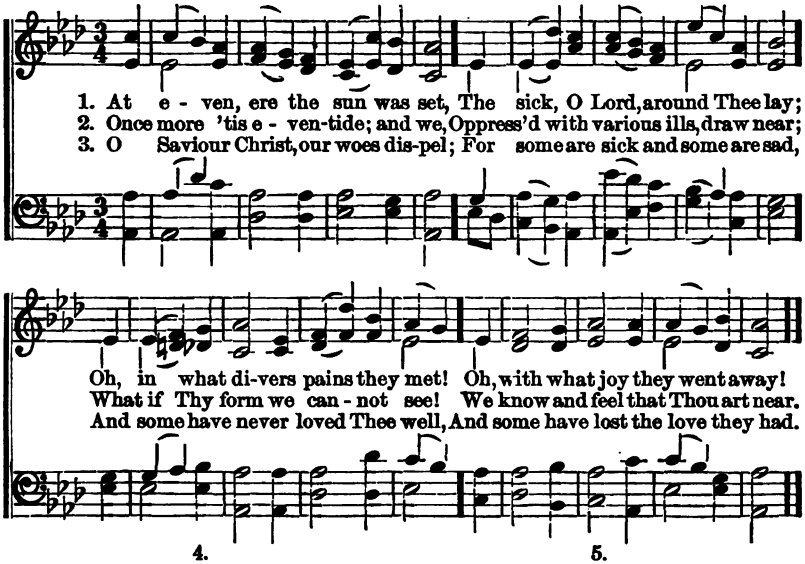
Coming Home To-Night.—Concluded.



No. 91. At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—LUKE 9: 11.

REV. HENRY TWELLS. TIMOTHY B. MASON.



4.

And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

5.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 92. Beseechings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. O ten- der beseechings of Je-sus! How sweetly they fall on the ear!
2. Beseech-ing in love for our Sav-iour, Un-wor-thy we pray in His stead;
3. Beseeching His blood-bought, His ransom'd, Your bodies to Him glad-ly yield,
4. Beseeching the saints to be ho-ly, Fill'd always with meekness and love;
5. Beseeching that all for His com- ing Un-shak-en may ev - er re-main,

O gos- pel of grace and of kind-ness, God's love and com-pas-sion bro't near!
Believe in the word of for-give-ness, Ac - cept of the ran- som He made.
That, in you, and thro' you, and by you, His grace may be ful - ly revealed.
Like Je-sus so gen-tle and low - ly, Re - flect-ing the light from a- bove.
And stand with the sav'd and the chosen, With Him in His glo - ri- ous reign.

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CHORUS.

Is the Spir-it of Je-sus now striving? His warning, my brother, o- bey;

cres- cen- do. *Rit.*

Resist not His gracious be-seech - ing, O grieve not the Saviour a-way.

No. 93. He Died for Thee.

"The Son of man is come to save."—MATT. 18: 11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Troub- led heart, thy God is call- ing! He is draw- ing
2. Come, the Spir - it still is plead-ing, Come to Him, the
3. Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er
4. Let the an - gels bear the ti - dings Up - ward to the

ver - y near; Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion,
meek, and mild; He is wait - ing now to save you,
see its light; Come at once! ac - cept His mer - cy;
courts of heav'n! Let them sing, with ho - ly rapt - ure,

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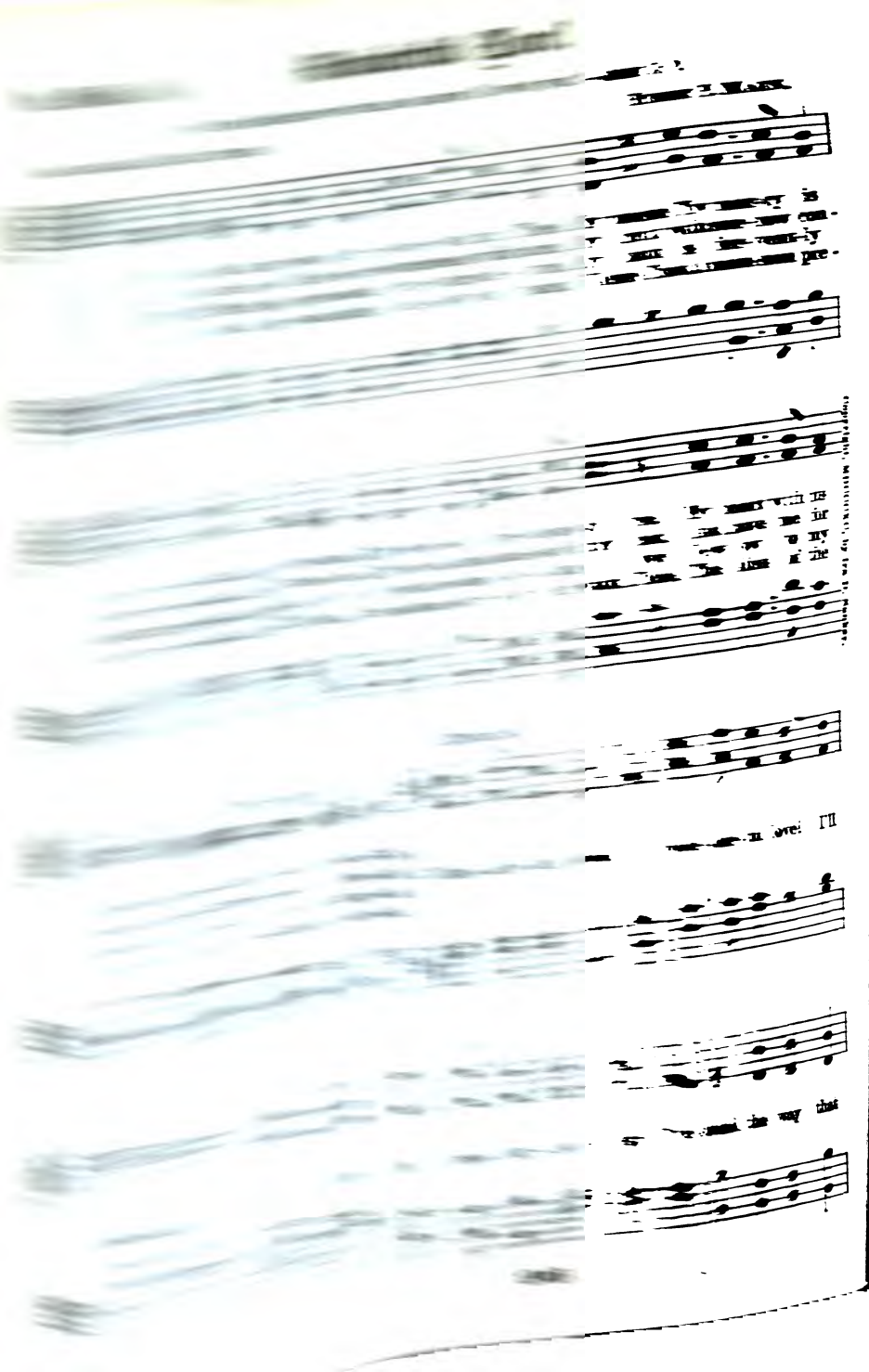
CHORUS.

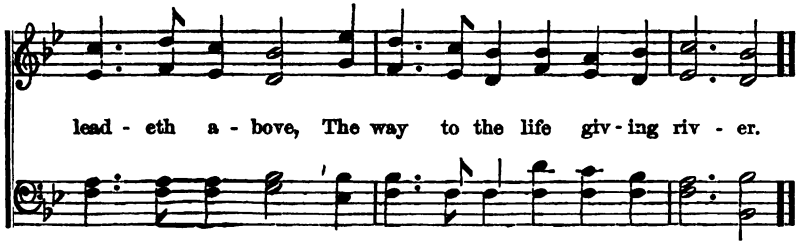
Do not check that fall - ing tear.
Wilt thou not be rec - onciled?
He is wait - ing—come to-night.
O'er an - oth - er soul for-giv'n!
} O, be saved, His grace is free!

rit.

O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee!



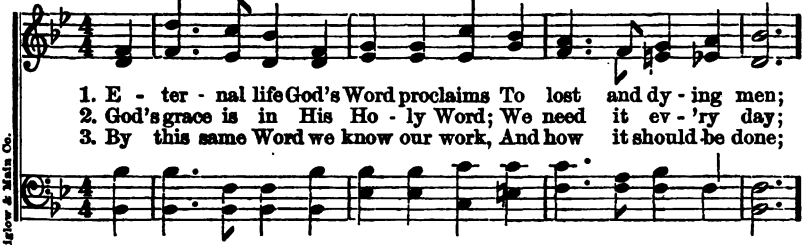
Wonderful Love!—Concluded.



No. 95. O Blessed Word.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—EPH. 6: 17.

L. W. MUNHALL. IRA D. SANKEY.



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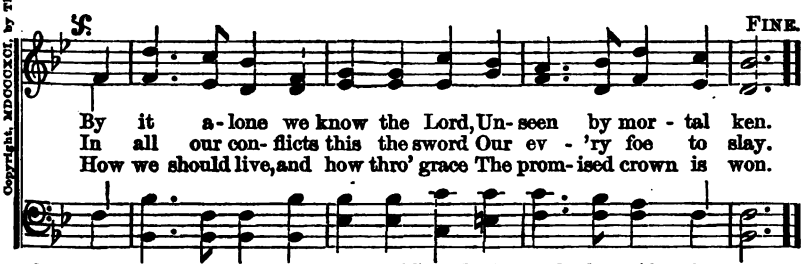
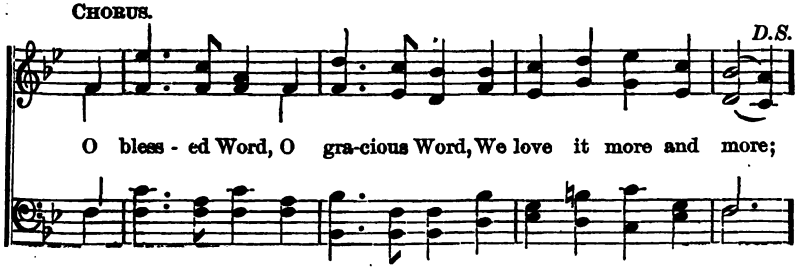


CHORUS.



No. 96. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11; 28.

F. W. FABER, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you, O come to the Lord who for - gives and for - gets; Tho' dark be the fort - une on earth that be - falls you, A bright home a - waits you whose
2. O come then to Je - sus whose arms are ex - tend - ed To fold His dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace; O come, and your ex - ile shall short - ly be end - ed, And Je - sus will show you the
3. Then come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows bright - er The long - er you look at the depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis Je - sus, and life's cares grow light - er While think - ing of home and the

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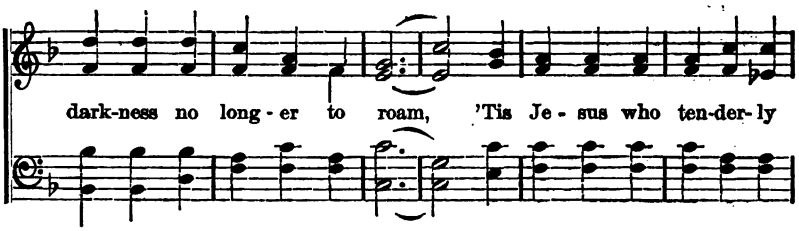
CHORUS.

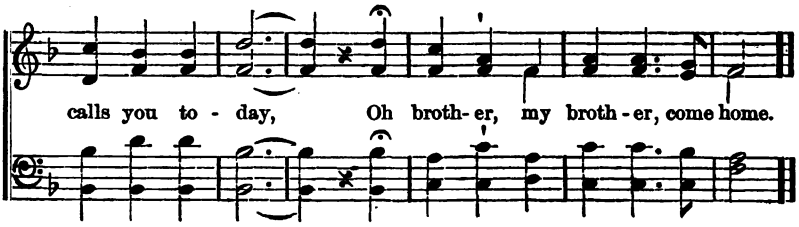
Come home, . . . come home, . . .

sun nev - er sets.
light of His face.
glo - ry a - bove.

Come home, come home, in

O Come to the Merciful Saviour.—Concluded.

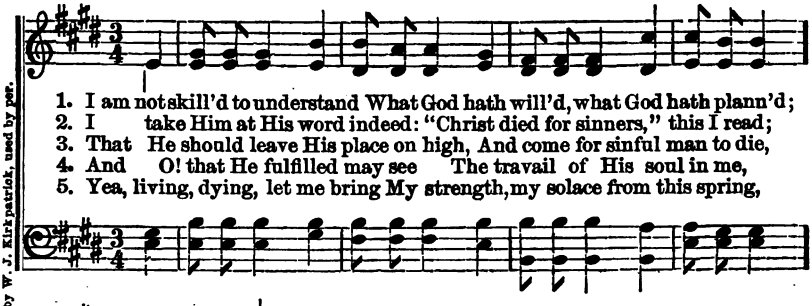




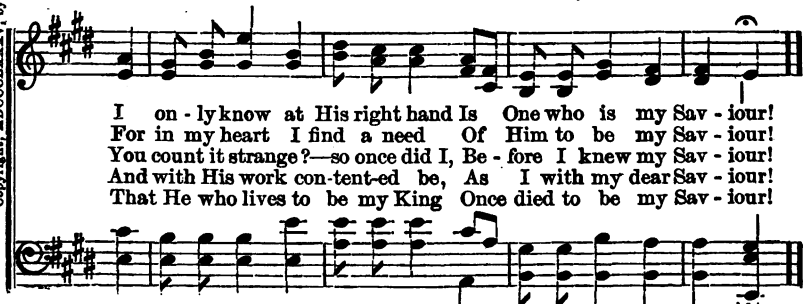
No. 97. My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sinful man to die,
4. And O! that He fulfilled may see The travail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,



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No. 98. Christ the Fountain.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaneth us from all sin."—1 Jno. 1: 7.

Newman Hall. C. C. Case.

1. Fount - ain of pur - i - ty o - pened for sin, Here may the
2. Though I have la - bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self -
3. Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I im- plore, Help me Thy
4. Whit - er than snow! noth-ing far - ther I need, Christ is the

pen - i - tent wash and be clean; Je - sus, Thou bless - ed Re -
cleans - ing is ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re- deem - er from
light to re - flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o -
Fount- ain; this on - ly I plead; Je - sus my Sav - iour, to

deem - er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
sor - row and woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
be - dience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
Thee will I go, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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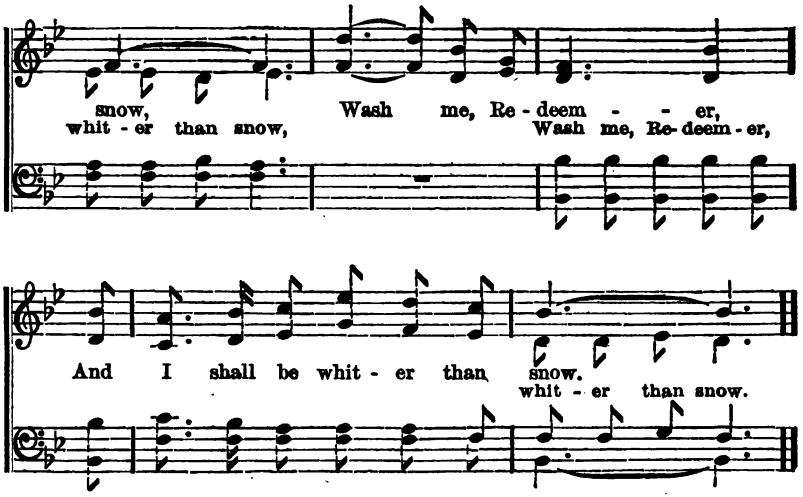
Chorus.

Whit - er than snow, whit - er than
Whit - er than snow,

Christ the Fountain.—Concluded.



No. 99. My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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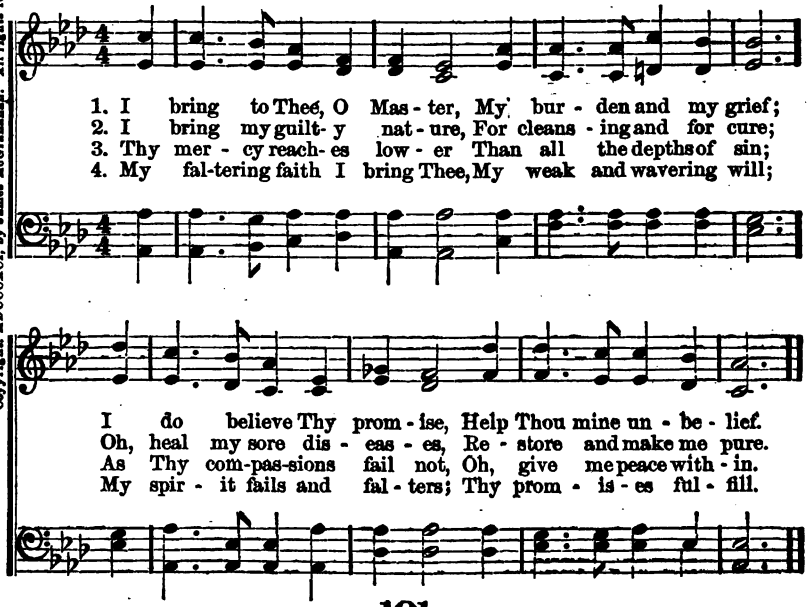

No. 100. Coming To-Day.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

F. J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seek - ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing; O what com-pas - sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, pleading, plead-ing, Mer - cy, though slighted,

seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call- ing, call - ing,
beams in His eye! Hear Him re - peat - ing, gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;

REFRAIN.

Hith- er, thou lost one, O come un - to Me.
Come to thy Sav-iour, O why wilt thou die?
Come ere the life-star for - ev - er shall set.
} Je - sus is call-ing,

Je - sus is call - ing; Why dost thou lin - ger? why tar - ry a - way?

Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

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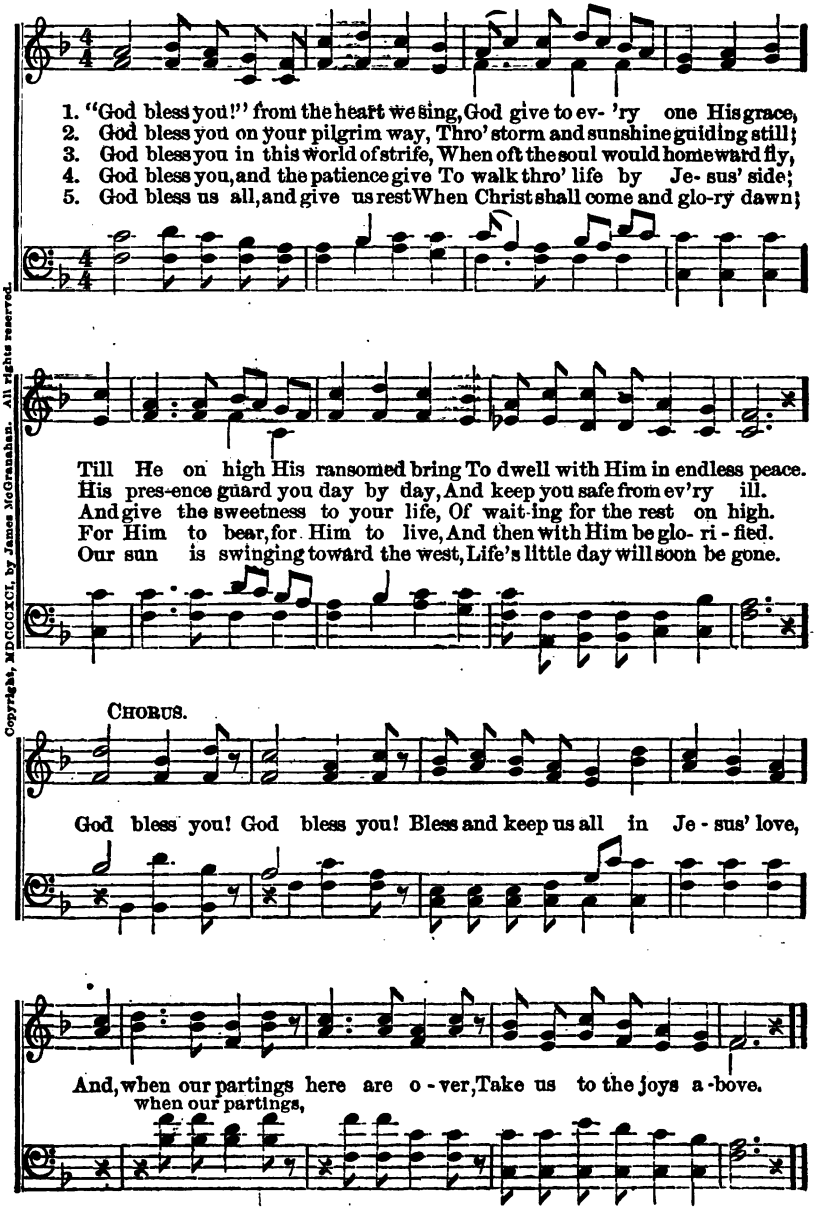
No. 101. God Bless You.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 Thess. 2:.16, 17.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.



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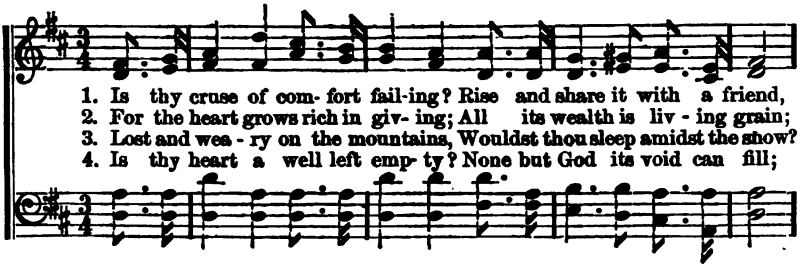
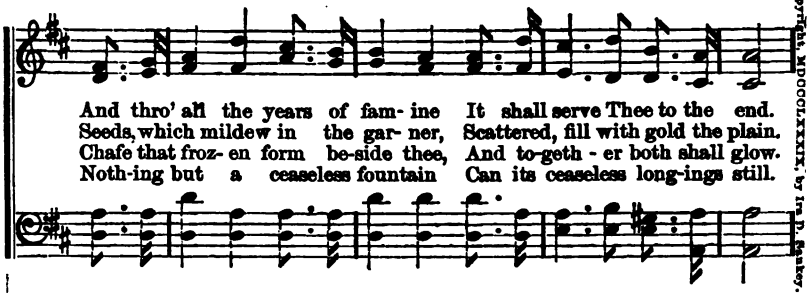
No. 102. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KING. 17: 16.

MRS. E. R. CHARLES, ARR. IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Is thy cruse of com- fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv- ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain;
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left emp- ty? None but God its void can fill;



And thro' all the years of fam- ine It shall serve Thee to the end.
Seeds, which mildew in the gar- ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Chafe that froz- en form be-side thee, And to-geth - er both shall glow.
Noth-ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless long-ings still.

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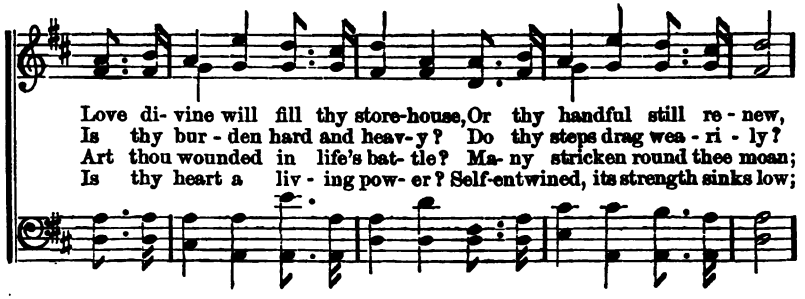
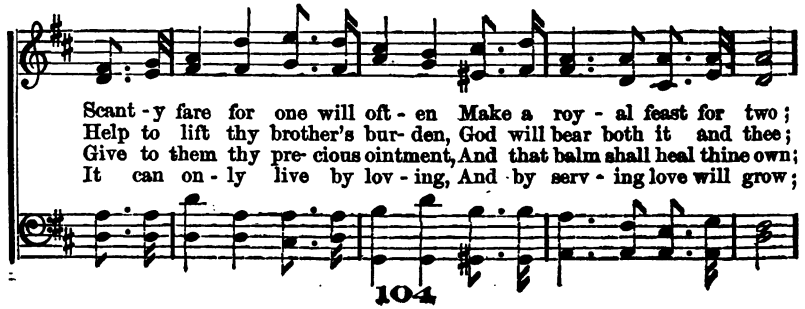
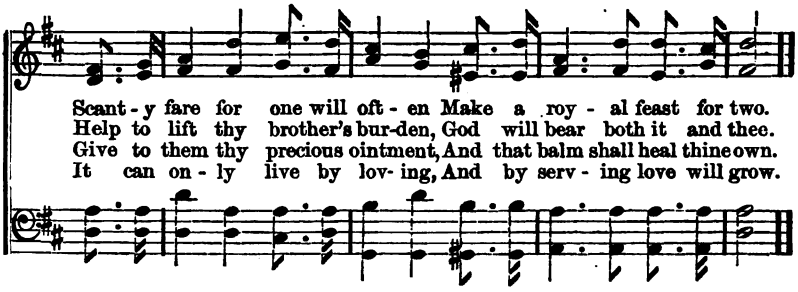


Love di- vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy handful still re - new,
Is thy bur - den hard and heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly?
Art thou wounded in life's bat- tle? Ma- ny stricken round thee moan;
Is thy heart a liv - ing pow- er? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;



Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two;
Help to lift thy brother's bur- den, God will bear both it and thee;
Give to them thy pre- cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;
It can on - ly live by lov - ing, And by serv - ing love will grow;



No. 103. Jesus, my All.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

F. J. Crosby. Anon.

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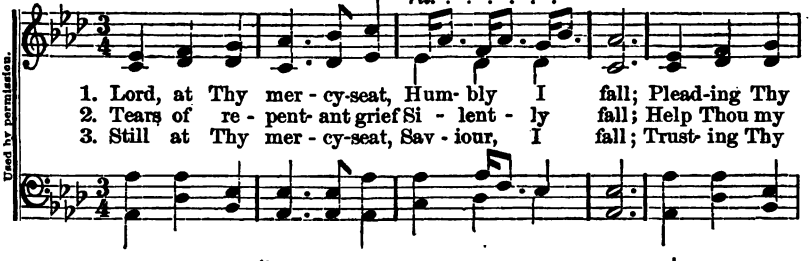
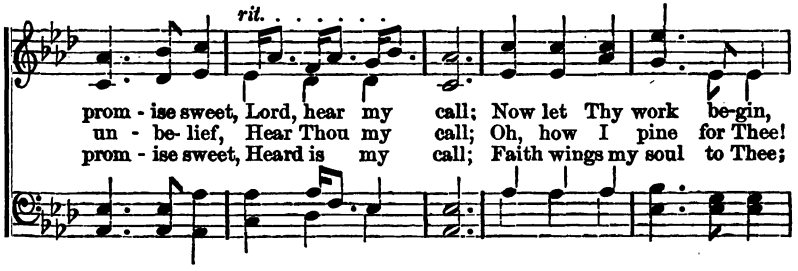
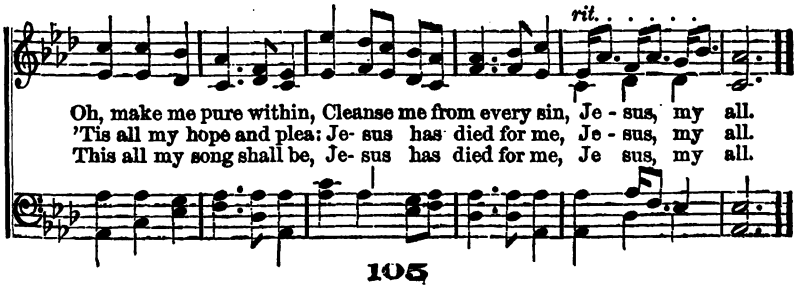
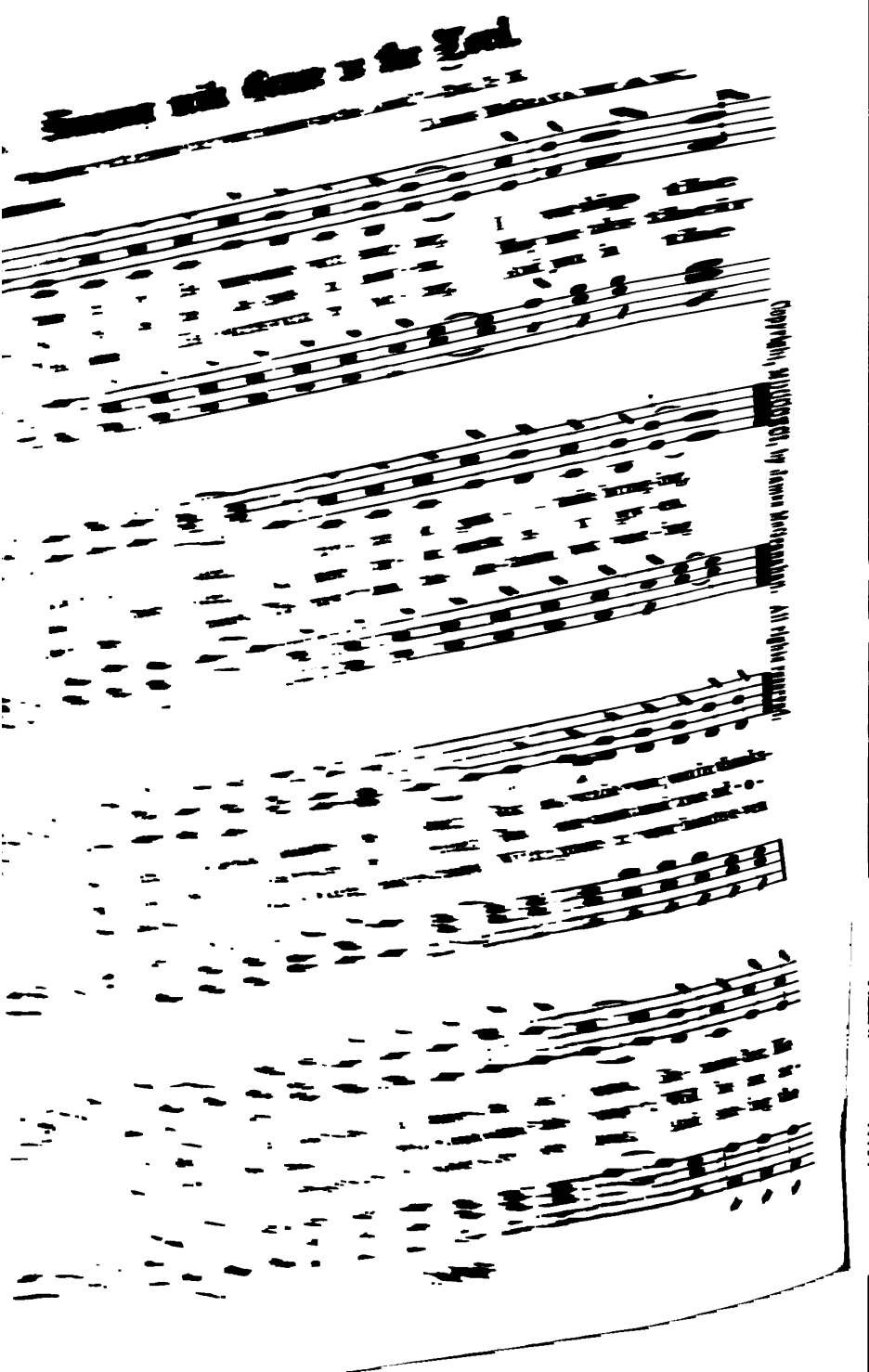








Singing with Grace to the Lord.—Concluded.

watch - es your *liv - ing,* And sing with your hearts to the Lord.
cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light - en life's bur - den and care.
King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing, ... sing - ing . . . . . .
Sing - ing with grace in your heart to the Lord,

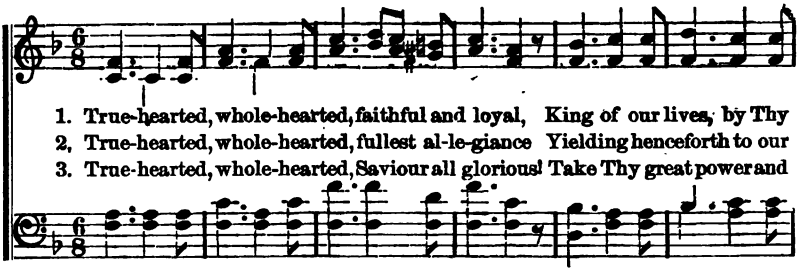
This is true wor - ship and love; Liv - ing, ...
Liv - ing and sing - ing in

sing - ing, ... This is ac - cept - ed a - bove.
sweet - est ac - cord,

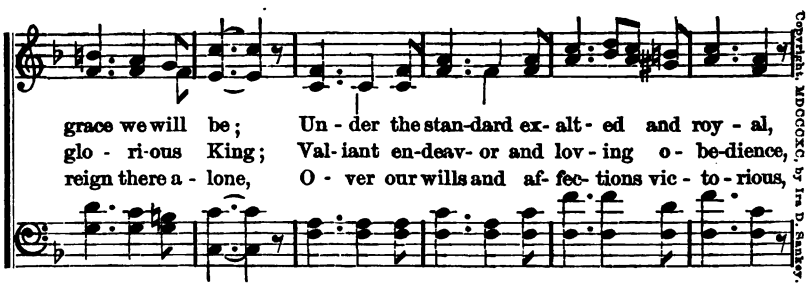
No. 105. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all glorious! Take Thy great power and



grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex- alt - ed and roy - al,
glo - ri-ous King; Val- iant en-deav- or and lov - ing o - be-dience,
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af- fec- tions vic - to - rious,

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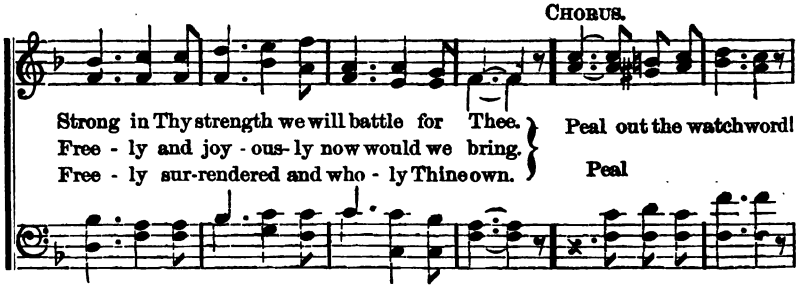
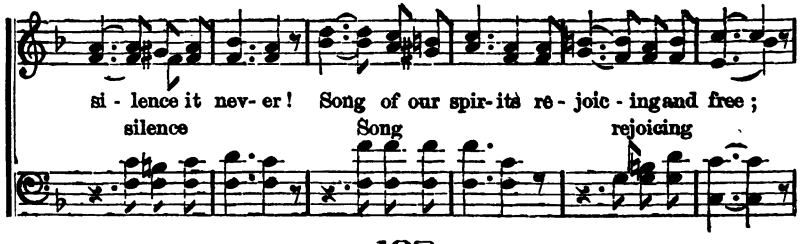
CHORUS.

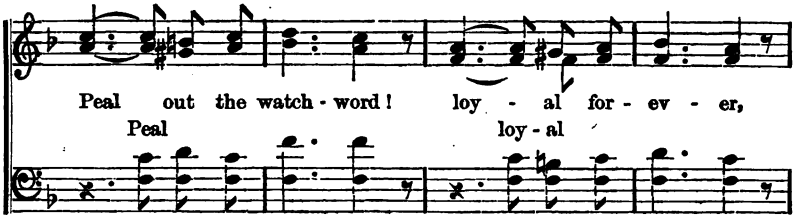


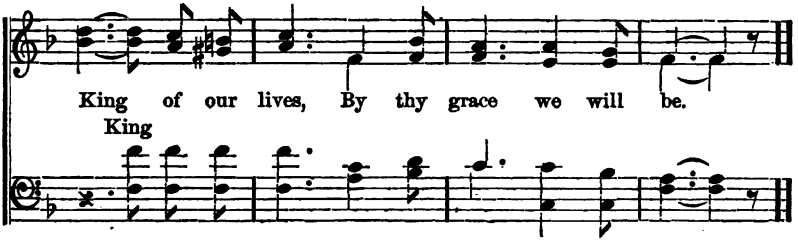
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.
Free - ly and joy - ous- ly now would we bring.
Free - ly sur-rendered and who - ly Thine own.
} Peal out the watchword! Peal



si - lence it nev- er! Song of our spir-its re - joic - ing and free;
silence Song rejoicing

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

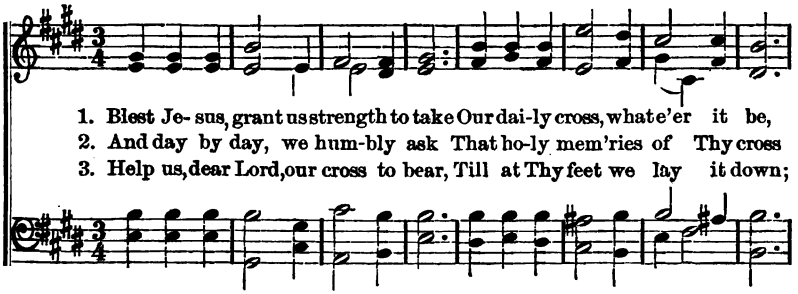


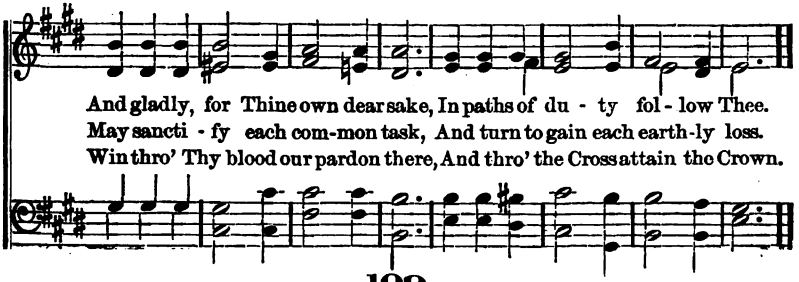


No. 106. Blest Jesus, Grant Us Strength.

"Give Thy strength unto thy Servant."—Ps. 86:16.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.





No. 107. The Saviour's Face.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

Words arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.

1. How sweet, O Lord, Thy Word of grace Which bids a sin - ner
2. Thy visage, marred and crown-ed with thorn, Thou didst not hide from
3. The heavens de- clare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be -
4. The bright- ness of Thy glo - ry, Lord, Fills heaven and earth and

seek Thy face, And nev - er seek in vain, And nev - er seek in
grief and scorn, Nor from the dews of night, Nor from the dews of
low, a - bove, Thy maj - es - ty I trace, Thy maj - es - ty I
writ-ten word With beams of heaven-ly grace, With beams of heavenly

vain; That face, once set so stead - fast- ly To meet Thy cross of
night; Yet, in that face a love appears Which scat-ters all my
trace, But mer - cy shines not in the skies, And hope with - in my
grace; But all the hosts of Heav- en shine, With no such ra - di -

ag - on - y, Can nev - er me dis - dain, Can nev - er me dis - dain.
gloom- y fears, And fills my soul with light, And fills my soul with light.
spir - it dies, Un - til I see Thy face, Un - til I see Thy face.
ance di-vine, As Thy most bless - ed face, As Thy most bless-ed face.

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No. 108. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. 'Tis the hal-lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust- ing- ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the prec- ious hour of pray'r, And we hum- bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
3. 'Tis the sa - cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav - en a-bove; Soul to

doubt-ings and our fears, To our Saviour and King; For we know that He de-
breathe the Spir- it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
soul is breathing here The com- mun-ion of love; Ev- 'ry heart is sweet-ly

lights A glad wel - come to give, And the blessings that we ask for
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be- stow the ben - e - dic-tion
filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav- en

Chorus.

We shall ful - ly receive.
Of Thy peace from a-bove.
Where such true joys abound.
} Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r!

Sa- cred sea - son of com-mun- ion, It is sweet to be there!

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No. 109. Thou shalt be Saved.

"If thou shalt confess.....the Lord Jesus."—ROM. 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be-hold how plain the truth is made Since Christ the ransom price has paid,
2. The death of Christ up- on the tree Was for the judgment due to thee,
3. By rais- ing Je - sus from the dead Our bless- ed God has sure - ly said,
4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Ab-ba Fath-er" cry,

And all our sins on Him were laid We must in Him be saved.
He died that thou mightst ransom'd be And live by faith in Him.
That He accepts the blood He shed As cleans-ing us from sin.
And seek the Spir - it's full sup-ply That we as sons may live.

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CHORUS.

If thou shalt con - fess with thy mouth, Confess with thy mouth the Lord Je - sus And be- lieve in thine heart, That God hath raised Him from the dead, Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be saved.

rit

No. 110. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; * * * The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. 31: 49.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.

1. The Lord keep watch be-tween us, The ev - er pres - ent Friend;
2. Though ab'-sent from each oth - er, We are not far from Him;
3. Though time and space may sev - er The Mas - ter's serv - ants here,
4. The Lord Him-self is watch-ing, In ten - der - ness and love;

No love like His so might - y, To keep and to de - fend.
Let not our cour - age fal - ter, Let not our faith grow dim.
'Tis on - ly for a sea - son, The meet - ing-time draws near.
Let prais - es meet and min - gle A - round the throne a - bove.

CHORUS.

Miz - pah, Miz - pah,
The Lord keep watch be-tween us, Keep watch in ten - d'rest love,

Un - til our prais - es min - gle A - round the throne a - bove.

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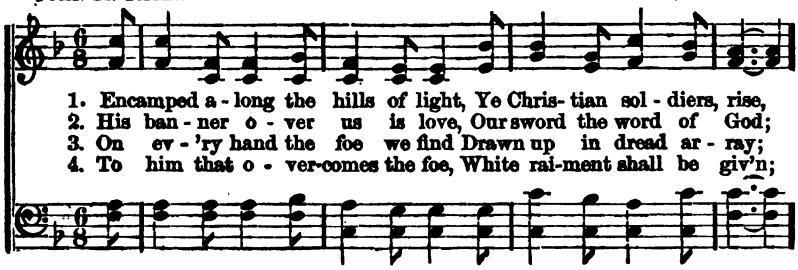
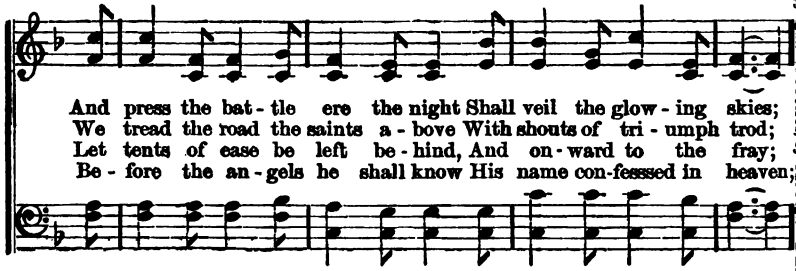
No. 111. Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Encamped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris- tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;



And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;

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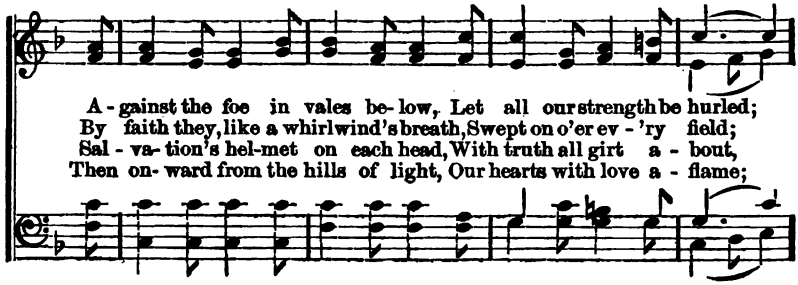
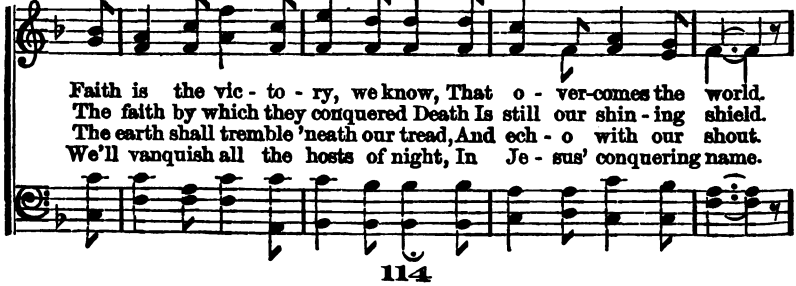


A - gainst the foe in vales be- low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va- tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on- ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 112. Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—REV. 15: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Great Je-ho- vah, mighty Lord, Vast and boundless is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall China wake, Af-ric's sons their chains shall break;
4. In - dia's groves of palm so fair, Shall resound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway, East and West Thy voice o - bey;

King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign for - ev - er - more.
All con - fess Mes-si - ah's name, All His wondrous love proclaim.
E - gypt, where Thy peo-ple trod, Shall a - dore and praise our God.
Cey - lon's isle with joy shall sing Glo - ry be to Christ our King.
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.

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No. 113. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And now He reigns and rules there - in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And keeps the faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

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CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 114. Christ is Risen.

"For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Bless-ed morn of life and light;
2. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Friends of Je - sus, dry your tears;
3. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! He hath ris - en, as He said;

Lo, the grave is rent a - sun - der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
Thro' the vail of gloom and dark-ness, Lo, the Son of God ap- pears.
He is now the King of glo - ry, And our great ex - alt - ed Head.

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REFRAIN.

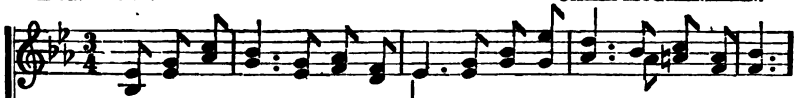
Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Gladness fills the world to- day;

From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a - way.

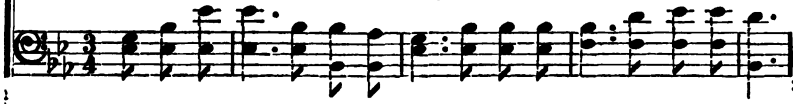
No. 115. In Jesus' Face.

"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. The liv - ing God, who by His might Spake but the word and there was light,
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, Has come from God, His work to do;
3. In Je-sus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through;
4. When darkness gives the soul distress, When sorrows on our pathway press,
5. Then come, ye wea - ry ones, and rest; Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed;



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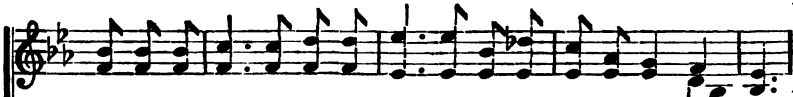
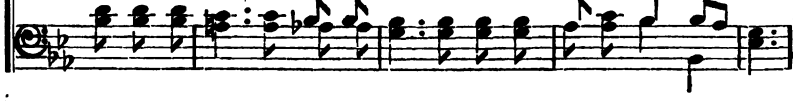
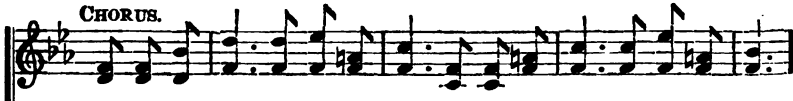


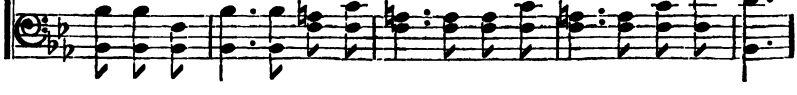
Hath promised now to show His grace To sin-ful men, in Je - sus' face.
He comes with power the soul to save, To give the vic-t'ry o'er the grave.
He will not leave us to de-feat, But make our vic - to - ry com - plete.
One look at Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Jesus' face.
With-in your heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Je - sus' face.

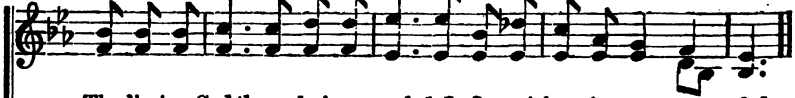


CHORUS.

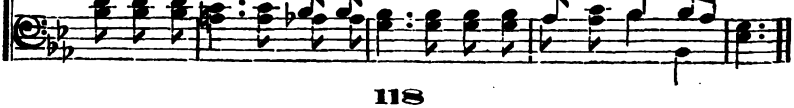


In Je - sus' face! in Je-sus' face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!





The liv-ing God through sin concealed, In Je-sus' face is now re-vealed.



No. 116. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

1. O Sav - iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous- ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full- ness dwell- eth, All grace and power di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion, Of this our song, a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy-self the rev - el - a - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

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CHORUS.

We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav-iour, Lord and King.

No. 117. A Home on High.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

L. W. MANSFIELD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond the light of set-ting suns, Be - yond the crowd ed sky,
2. Be - yond all pain, beyond all care, Be - yond life's mys-ter - y,
3. Swift- flying worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light,
4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare- well,

Be - yond where starlight fades in night,—I have a home on high.
Be - yond the range of time and change,—My home's reserved for me.
Will bring no darkness to my soul; My home's beyond the night.
High up a-mid th' e-ter - nal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

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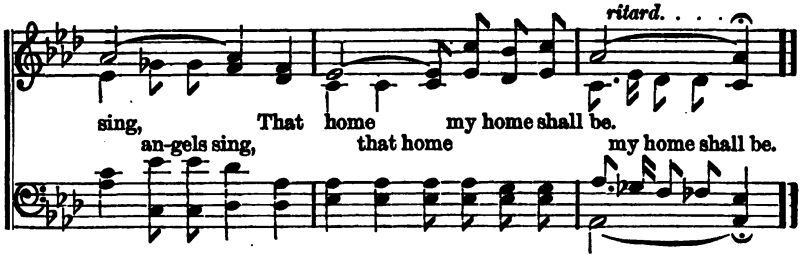
CHORUS.

A man-sion there, not made with hands, A
a mansion there, not made with hands,

place prepared for me; And while God lives, and angels
a place prepared for me;

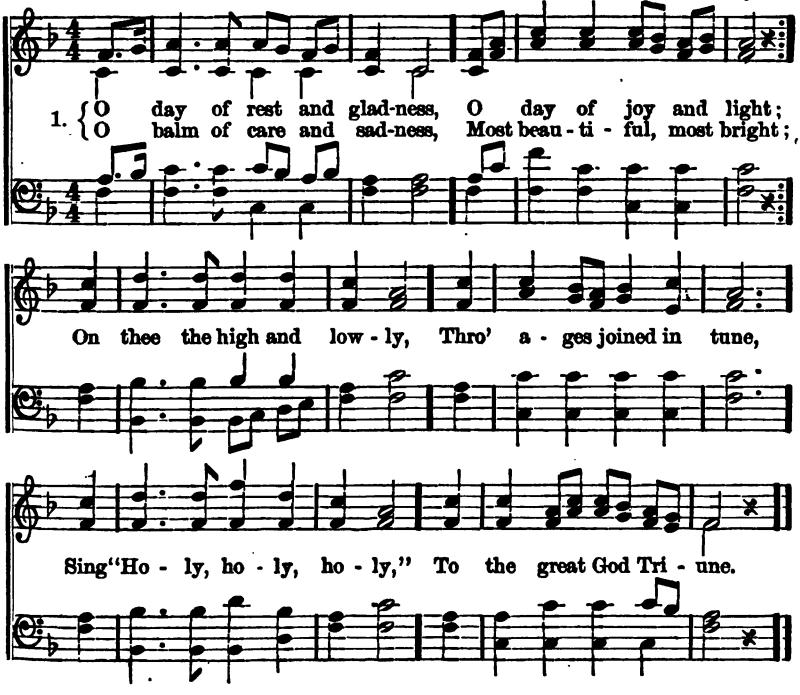
A Home on High.—Concluded.



No. 118. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16: 23.

C. Wordsworth. German Melody.



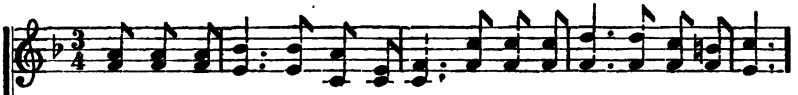
2 On thee, at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

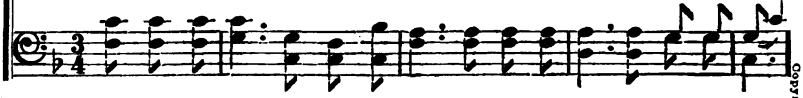
No. 119. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

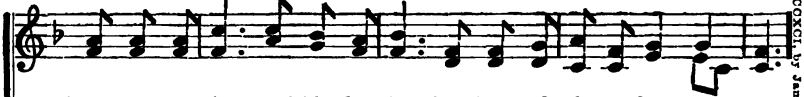
"And it was restored whole, like as the other.—MATT. 12: 13.

EL NATHAN. H. H. MCGRANAHAN.

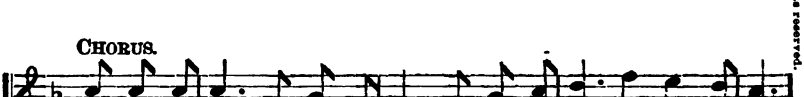


1. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *palsied* hand, Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;
2. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *emp-ty* hand, No gift of thine will God commend;
3. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *helpless* hand, Up-held by God, thy soul shall stand;
4. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *dying* hand, When thou shalt come to Jordan strand;

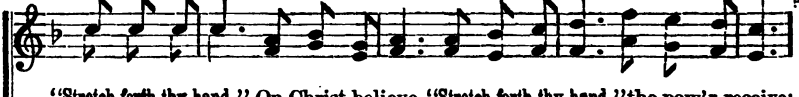




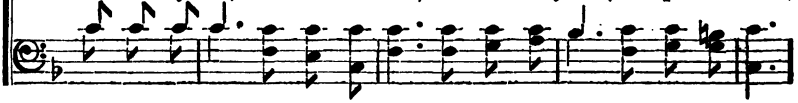
Seek not from Him to hide thy sin, Con-fess, and ask to be made clean.
The emp - ty hand that shows thy need, Of this a- lone will He take heed.
Fight not in thine own strength the foe, But trusting Je-sus, on - ward go.
Thro' all the bil - lows Christ shall guide, And bring thee safe to Canaan's side.

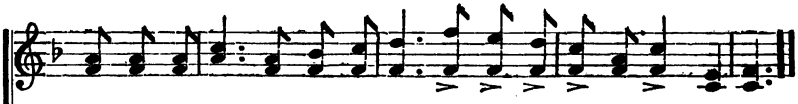


CHORUS.

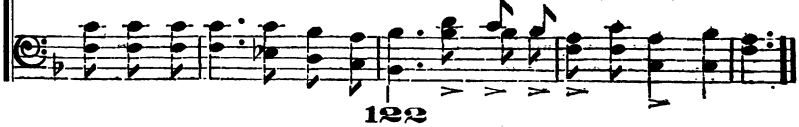


"Stretch forth thy hand," On Christ believe, "Stretch forth thy hand," the pow'r receive;





He of- fers grace so full and free, "Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.



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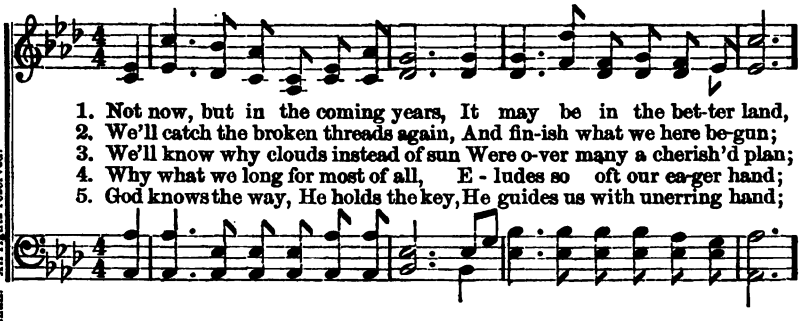
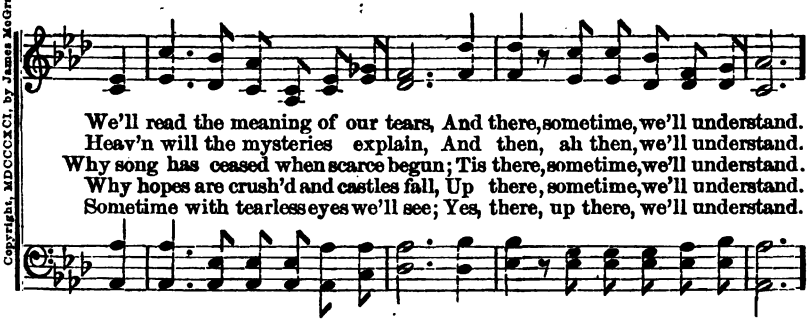
No. 120. Sometime we'll Understand.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

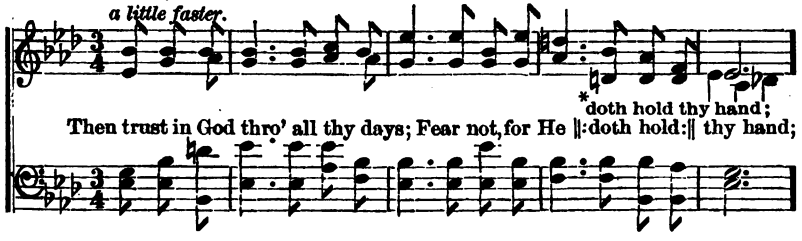
Furnished by El Nathan. James McGranahan.

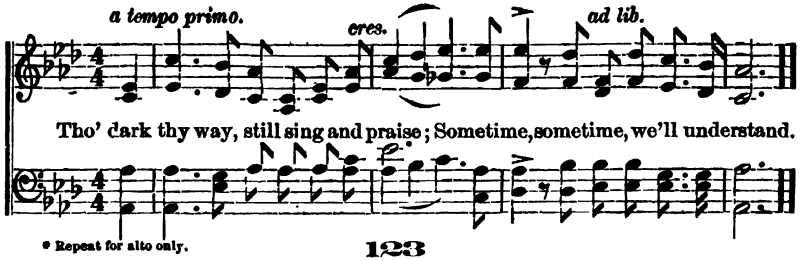


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin-ish what we here be-gun;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherish'd plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand;



We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.





* Repeat for alto only.

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No. 121. Only Remembered.

"I will make thy name remembered."—Ps. 45: 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, (alt.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Fad - ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los - ing their
2. Shall we be miss'd tho' by oth - ers suc-ceed-ed Reap- ing the
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spoken, On - ly the

light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we pass from the
fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - ers may
seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass on- ward when

carth and its toil-ing, On - ly re-membered by what we have done.
pass from their la-bors, On - ly re-membered by what they have done.
we are for-got- ten, Fruits of the har- vest and what we have done.

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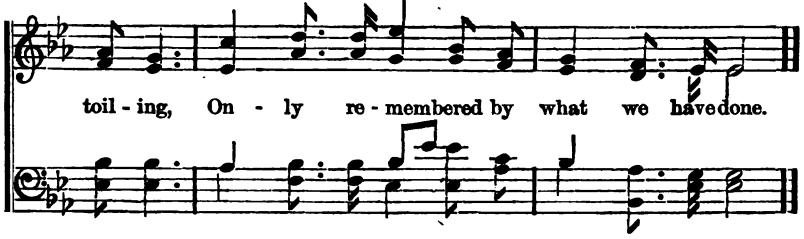
REFRAIN.

On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by

what we have done; Thus would we pass from the earth and its

Only Remembered.—Concluded.

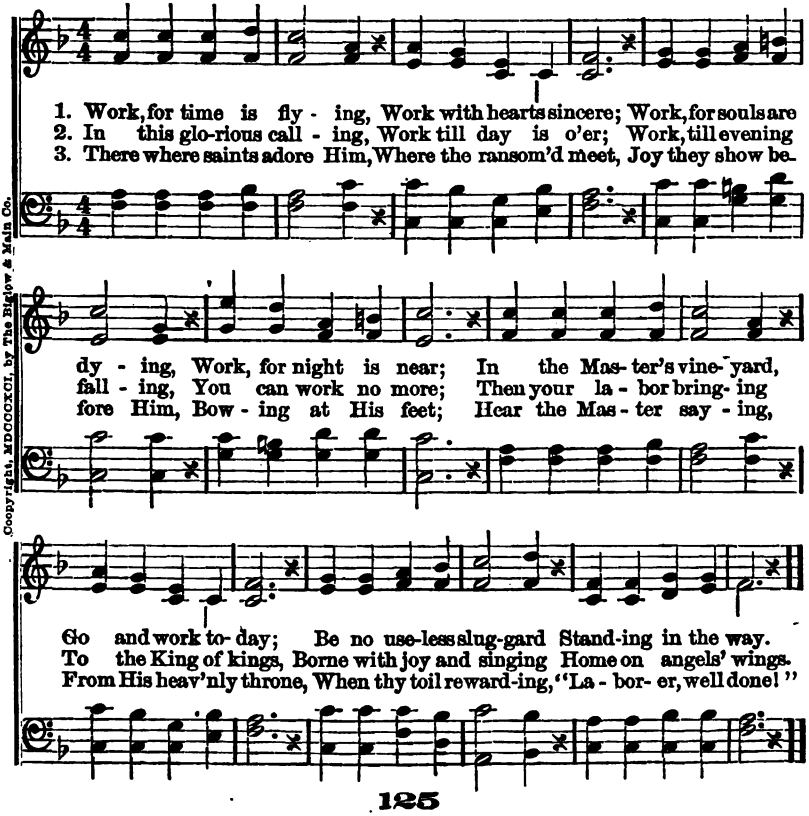


4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful dis-ciples,
All be remembered by what they have done.

No. 122. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 123. Have You Sought?

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Eze. 34: 6.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered, Far a - way on the
2. Have you been to the sad and the lone - ly Whose bur-dens are
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dy - ing, The mes - sage of
4. If to Je - sus you an-swer these ques-tions, And to Him have been

dark mountains cold? Have you gone, like the ten - der Shepherd, To
heav - y to bear? Have you car - ried the name of Je - sus, And
mer - cy to tell? Have you stood by the tremb'ling cap - tive A -
faith - ful and true, Then be - hold, in the man-sions yon - der Are

bring them a-gain to the fold? Have you fol - lowed their wea - ry
ten - der - ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal -
lone in his dark pris - on cell? Have you point - ed the lost to
crowns of re-joic - ing for you; And there from the King e -

footsteps? And the wild desert waste have you crossed, Nor lin-gered till
va - tion He died on the cross to se-cure? Have you asked them to
Je - sus? And urged them on Him to believe? Have you told of the
ter - nal Your welcome and greet-ing shall be, "In - as-much" as 'twas

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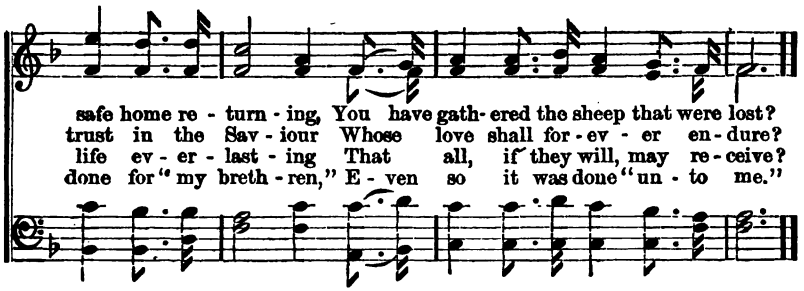
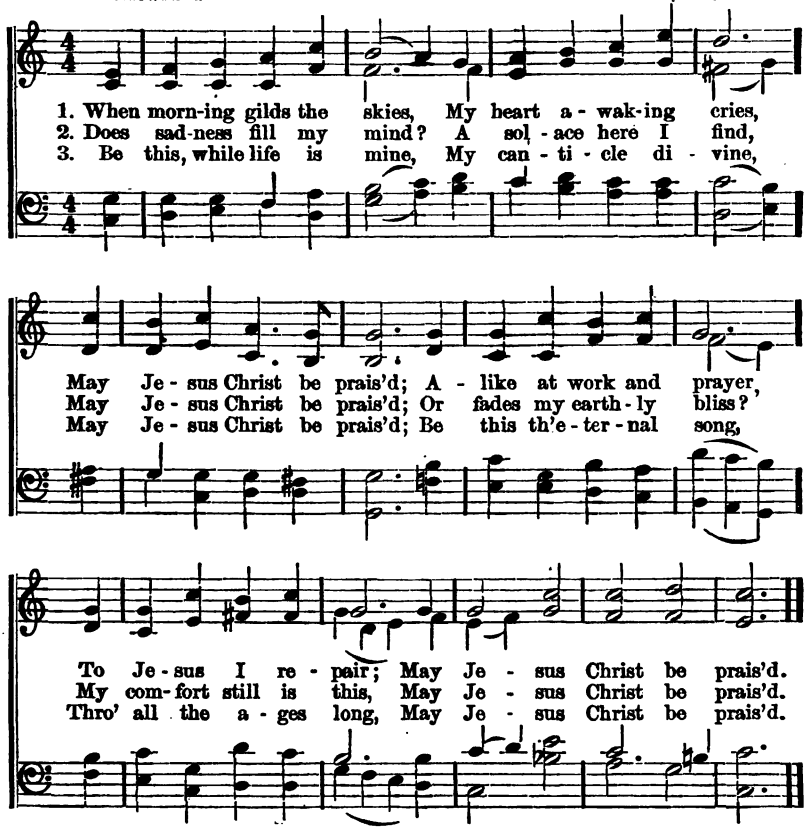
Have You Sought?—Concluded.



No. 124. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

"I will praise Thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

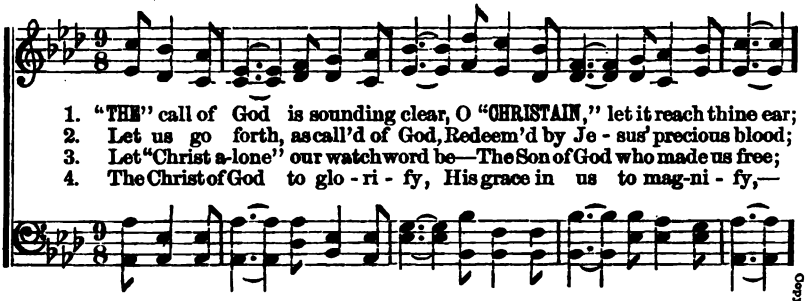
Rev. E. CASWALL. J. BARNBY.



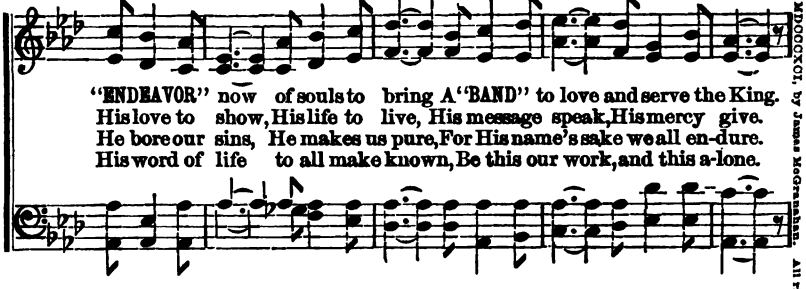
No. 125. Let us go Forth.

"Let us go forth unto him."—Heb. 13: 13.

El Nathan, James McGranahan.



1. "THE" call of God is sounding clear, O "CHRISTAIN," let it reach thine ear;
2. Let us go forth, as call'd of God, Redeem'd by Je - sus' precious blood;
3. Let "Christ a-lone" our watchword be—The Son of God who made us free;
4. The Christ of God to glo - ri - fy, His grace in us to mag-ni - fy,—



"ENDEAVOR" now of souls to bring A "BAND" to love and serve the King.
His love to show, His life to live, His message speak, His mercy give.
He bore our sins, He makes us pure, For His name's sake we all en-dure.
His word of life to all make known, Be this our work, and this a-lone.

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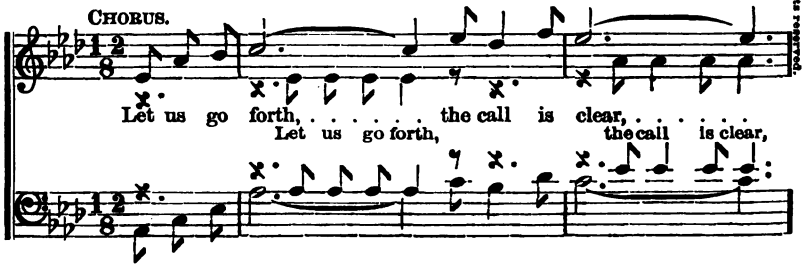
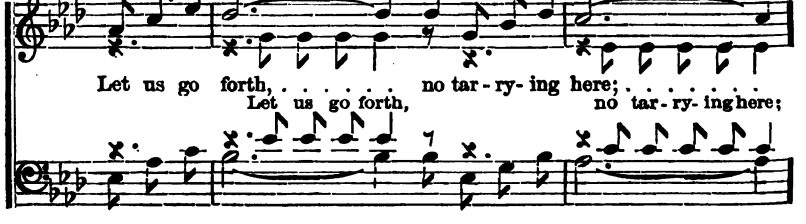


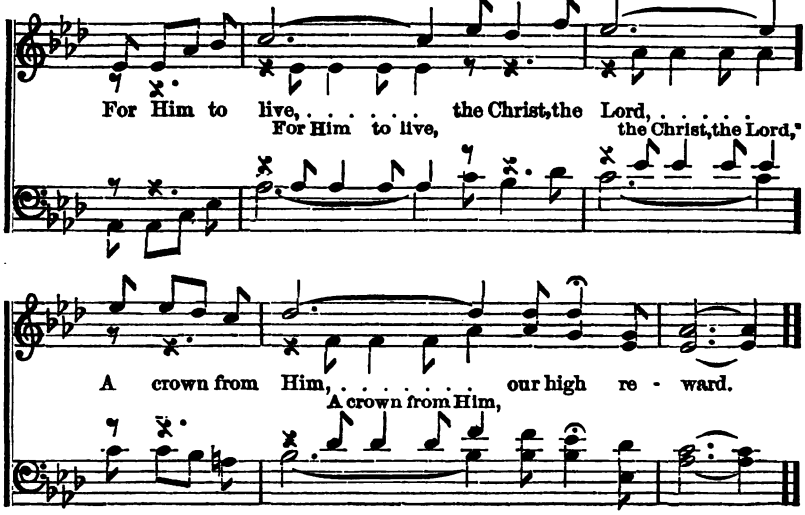
Chorus.

Let us go forth, ... the call is clear, ...
Let us go forth, the call is clear,



Let us go forth, ... no tar - ry- ing here; . . . . . .
Let us go forth, no tar - ry- ing here;

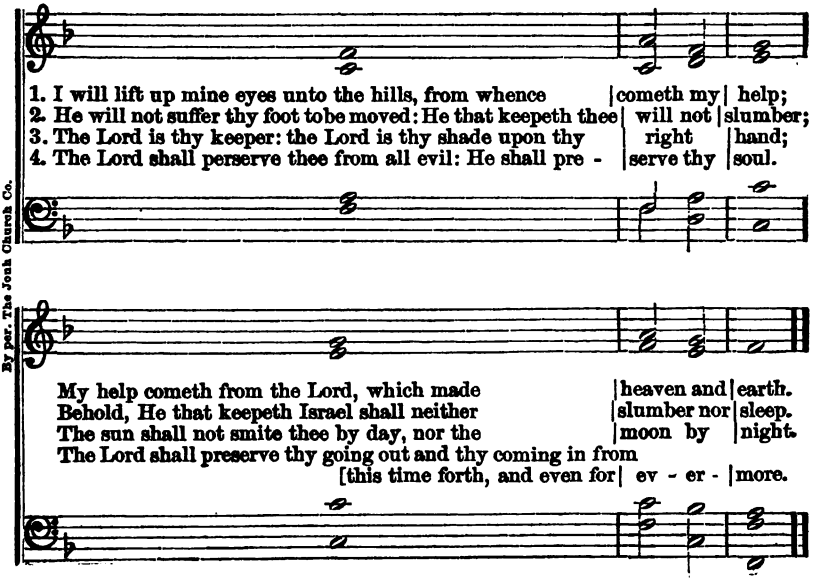
Let us go Forth.—Concluded.



No. 126. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

PSALM 121.

G. F. ROOT.



By per. The Josh Church Co.

No. 127. Press On.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—ISA. 27: 12.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, Re - joic - ing in the Lord,
2. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, A - long the heav'nly way;
3. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise;

Be - liev - ing in His prom - ise, And trust - ing in His word;
Re - mem - ber God com - mands us To watch and work and pray;
The Light that nev - er fail - eth Shines brightly in the skies;

Fear not, for He is with us, What - e'er the cross we bear;
He bids us all be faith - ful, And cast on Him our care;
Press on where crowns a - wait us, In yon - der man - sions fair;

And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.
And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.
And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.

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Press On.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Gath - er o - ver there, Gath - er o - ver there; And

soon, be - yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath - er o - ver there.

No. 128. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Ps. 136: 1-26.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

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1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer- cy, Like the wideness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac- es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 129. The Palace of the King.

PSALM 45: 10-17. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. { O daugh- ter take good heed, In - cline, and give good ear;
Thy beau - ty to the King, Shall then de - light - ful be:
2. { The daugh- ter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be,
The daugh- ter of the King All glo-rious is with - in;

Thou must for - get thy kin- dred all, And father's house most dear.
And do thou hum- bly wor- ship Him, Be - cause thy Lord is He.
And all the wealth-y of the land Shall make their suit to thee.
And with em- broi- der - ies of gold Her garments wrought have been.

CHORUS.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shall bring, All they together

en- ter shall The palace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The

rit.

pal-ace of the King; And they together enter shall, The palace of the King.

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The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

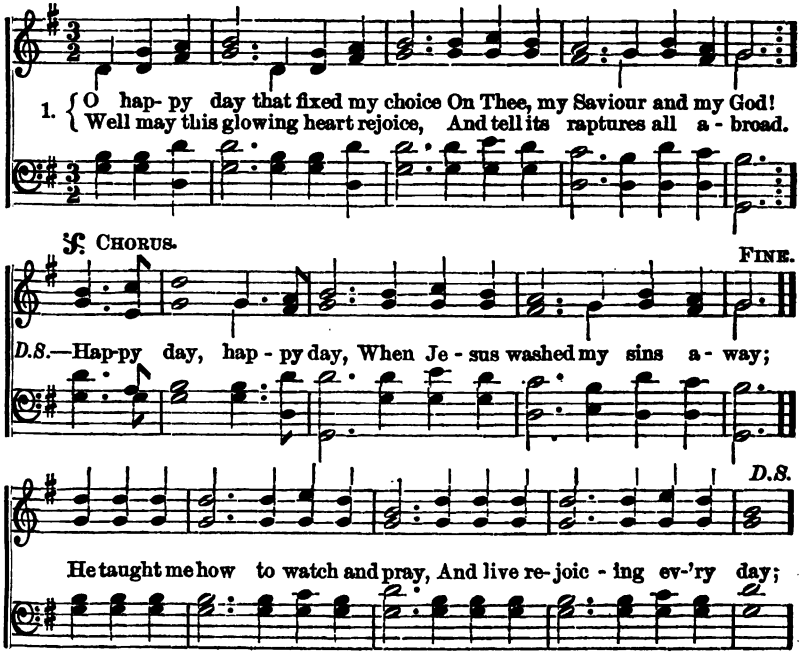
3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto Thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

4 And in Thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

No. 130. Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—PSA. 144: 15.

P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 131. Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MARK 16: 15.

F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark- ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na- tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt-er in bond-age op - press'd; For the

Mas-ter's command; go ye forth in His name, The won- der - ful
wings of the morn-ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav- iour has purchas'd their ran - som from sin, And the ban- quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro-claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas- ter the lost ones to save; He is call- ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath- er them in; To the res- cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,
mo-ment's de - lay,
time for de - lay,
} Speed a- way, speed a- way, speed a - way.

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No. 132. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 Pet. 1: 3.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, alt. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
2. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first fruits Of the ho - ly har- vest- field,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Glo- ry be to God a - bove!

Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
Which will all its full abundance, At His glorious advent, yield;
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Saviour, Fount of life and source of love;

Sing to God a hymn of praise;

He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Then the gold- en ears of har- vest Will be - fore His presence wave,
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Spir - it; Let our high as - crip - tions be,

Je - sus Christ the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
Ris- ing in His sun-shine joy - ous, From the fur - rows of the grave.
Hal- le - lu - jah, now and ev - er, To the bless- ed Trin - i - ty.

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No. 133. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl.—11: 1.

Anon. Ira D. Sankey.

1. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," You who have but scant sup - ply; An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it; You shall find it by and by; He who in His right - eous bal-ance, Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,

2. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," Sad and wea - ry, worn with care; Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow,— Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to those a- round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,

3. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," You who have a - bun - dant store; It may float on many a bil- low, It may strand on many a shore; You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,

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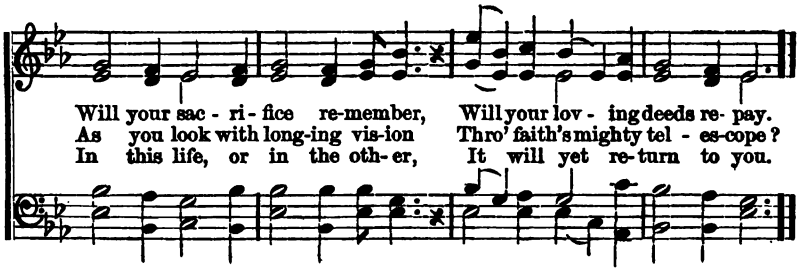
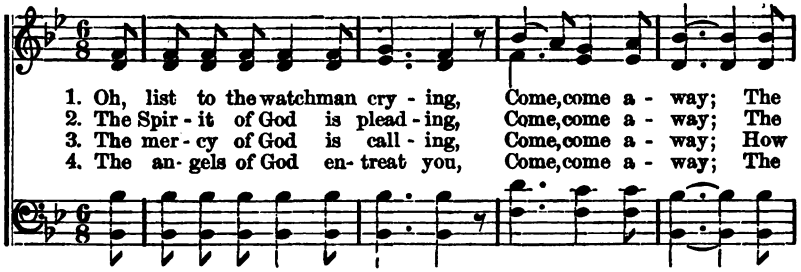
Cast thy Bread, etc.—Concluded.



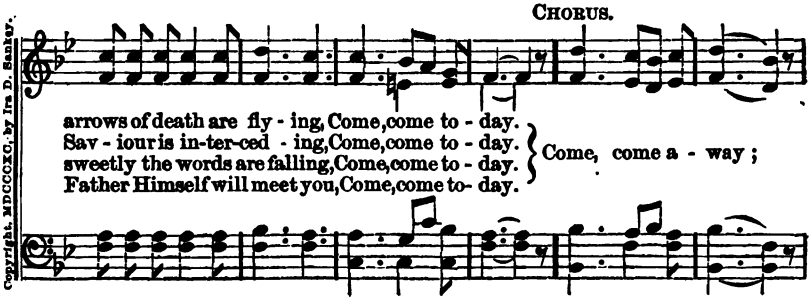
No. 134. Come, Come Away.

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.



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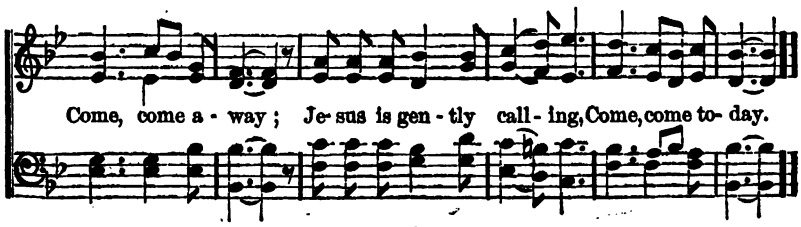

No. 135. Let Us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. Perronet. James McGranahan.

Allegretto moderato.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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Chorus.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him, Let us crown Him Lord of all,

Let us crown Him, Let us crown . . . . . Him Lord of all.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all.

No. 136. There is a Land.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There is a land which lies a - far, Where grief is all un - known;
2. We are but pil-grims on the earth, And brief our so - journ here;
3. There is a realm of boundless love, A goal for hearts dis - trest,

A land wherein the an - gels sing A - round the heav'nly throne.
But well we know when hence we go, There is a bright-er sphere.
Where all may find for end - less years A home a-mong the blest.

Refrain.

O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Up - on that dis- tant shore,

Where - on the glo - rious sun ne'er sets, But shines for -

ev - er - more, But shines for - ev - er - more.

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No. 137. The Harbor Bell.

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore; The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried,—Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way,—this way,— Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief, While on the wind-ward and the lee Hang heav-y clouds of un-be-lief; But o'er the deep a call we hear, Like har-bor bells' in-vit-ing
2. O let us now the call o-bey, And steer our bark for yon-der shore, Where still that voice di-rects the way, In plead-ing tones for ev-er more; A thousand life wrecks strew the sea; They're go-ing down at ev-'ry
3. O tempt-ed one, look up, be strong; The prom-ise of the Lord is sure, That they shall sing the vic-tor's song, Who faith-ful to the end en-dure; God's Ho-ly Spir-it comes to thee, Of His a-bid-ing love to
4. Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love Con-duct us o'er life's storm-y wave; O guide us to the home a-bove, The bliss-ful home be-yond the grave; There safe from rock, and storm, and flood, Our song of praise shall nev-er

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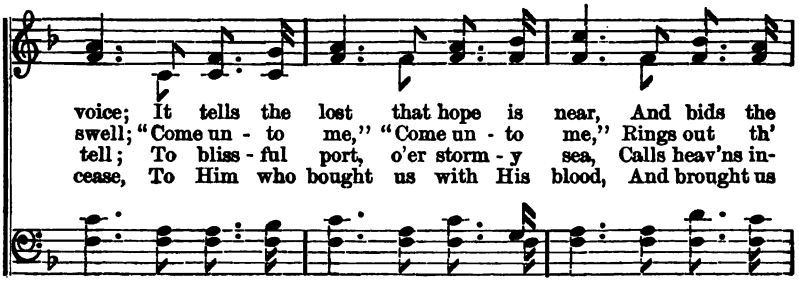
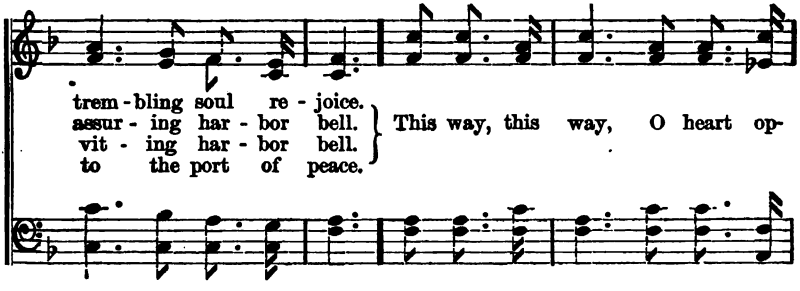
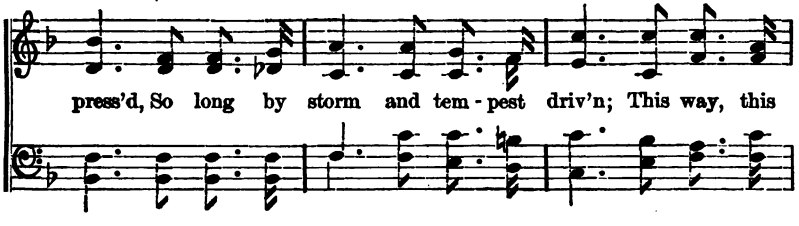
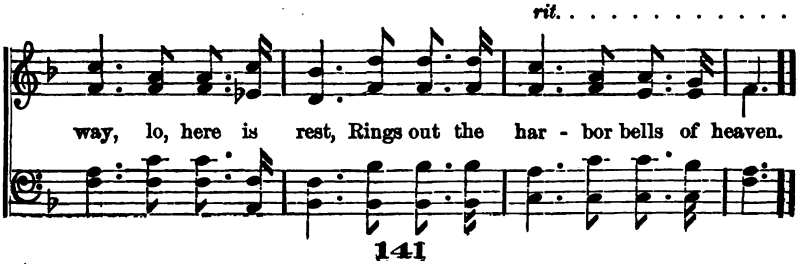
The Harbor Bell.—Concluded.



CHORUS.







No. 138. No Hope in Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—EPH. 2: 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus; His pard-'ning love re-ceive;

When the dark days round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail-or, lost and drif-ting, On a wide and shore-less sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad-ows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.
For the Sav-iour now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

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CHORUS.

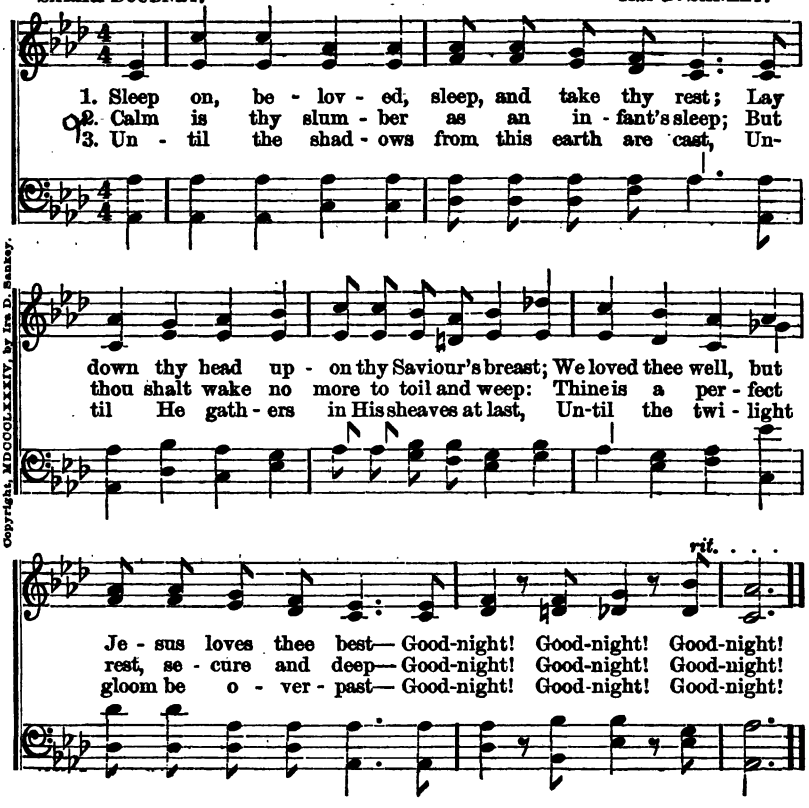
Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! No Friend, no Light in Je-sus!
Come to Je-sus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sin-ners;

Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! How dark this world must be!
Those who have found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!

No. 139. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

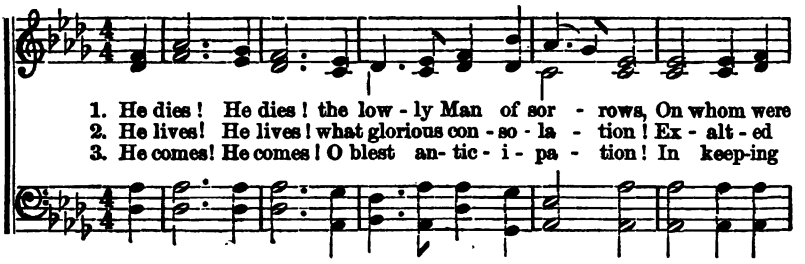
6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

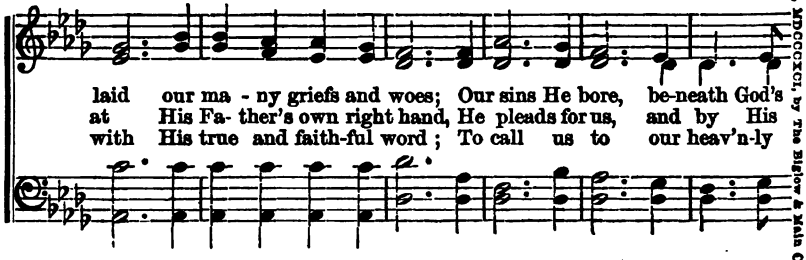
7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

No. 140. I am He that Liveth.

"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—Rev. 1: 18.

C. R. H. J. H. Burke.





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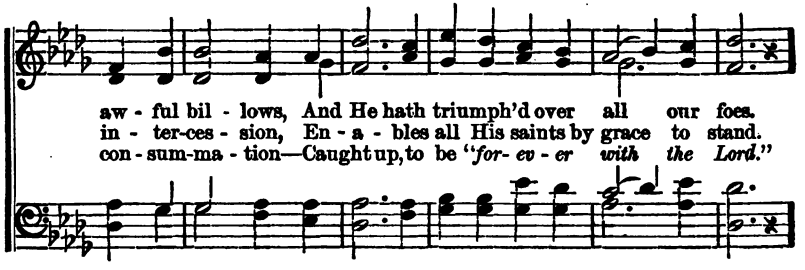
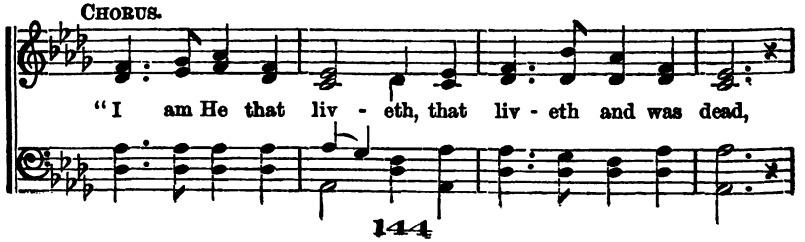


Chorus.



"I am He that Liveth."—Concluded.

I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead;

And be - hold I am a - live . . for - ev- er-more,
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er-more,

Be - hold . . . I am a - live . . . for- ev- er - more;
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er- more;

I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead, And be-

hold . . . I am a - live for - ev - - er-more."
hold I am, I am a - live for ev er, ev - er more."

No. 141. Our Saviour King.

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. He lives and loves, our Saviour King; With joyful lips your tribute bring;
2. His Hand is strong, His word endures, His sac- ri- fice our peace secures;
3. Each day reveals His constant love, With "mercies new" from heav'n above;

Re- peat His praise, ex-alt His Name, Whose grace and truth are still the same.
From sin and death He doth re-deem, His changeless love be all our theme.
Thro' a- ges past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.

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CHORUS.

His mer- cy flows, an end-less stream, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same;

f

To all e - ter - ni-ty, to all e - ter - ni-ty, To all e - ter- ni-ty the same.

No. 142. His Mercy Flows.

1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous [things.

2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their [birth,
And on the waters spread the earth;
Who taught yon glorious lights their [way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.

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No. 143. Morning Lights.

(Revised version.)

PSALM 143. WILL H. YOUNG.

1. When morning lights the east - ern skies, Thy mer - cy, Lord, dis- close;
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Be - cause Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;
4. Re - vive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And, for Thy judgment's sake;

And let Thy lov - ing kind-ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.
Re - deem me from the rag - ing foe; To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
O lead me in the per - fect way By thy good Spir - it still.
From all my woes, O Lord, re-claim, My soul from troub-le take.

REFRAIN.

On Thee . . . my hopes re-pose, On Thee . . . my hopes re-pose;
On Thee, on Thee my On Thee, on Thee

And let Thy lov-ing kind-ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.

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3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light;
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn [pride,
When in His wrath their first-born died.

4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes;
Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

No. 144. Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Not too slow.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
3. All thy in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra-cious - ly for-give;
4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;

Be lift - ed up His ho - ly name, To mag - ni - fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben - e - fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis - eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
Who thee with lov - ing - kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.

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CHORUS.

"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name."
Bless His ho - ly

No. 145.

1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name forevermore.

2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.

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No. 146. I Cried to God.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 77. W. S. MARSHALL.

1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for ev - er-more? His fa-vor will He ne'er re-store?

All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no comfort would accept.
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake; So great my grief I cannot speak.
I called to mind my song by night; My mus-ing spir-it sought for light.
Has grace for ev - er passed a-way? Or, doth His promise fail for aye?

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CHORUS.

Hath God for-got-ten to be kind? His ten-der love in wrath confined?

My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Recalling years of God's right hand.

---

3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record;
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

No. 147. Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51. (Metrical Version.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough- ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on - ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re- ceived;

In Thy com- pass-ions great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
For my transgres-sions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou mayst be just, And in Thy judg-ing right.
And with a nat- ure all cor-rupt My moth - er me con-ceived.

Wash . . . Thou me, . . . yes, wash . . . Thou me, . . . And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,

then I shall be whiter than the snow, I shall be whiter than the snow.
snow, the snow,

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No. 148. Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort - ress is the Lord,
2. The Lord is wor,- thy to be prais'd, Up - on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis- tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks proclaim;

My rock, and He that doth to me De - liv - er- ance af - ford.
And He from all my en - e- mies Pre - serve me safe - ly shall.
He from His tem - ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I a - mong the hea-then will Sing prais-es to Thy name.

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CHORUS.

My God . . . . whom I will trust, A buck-ler un- to me, . . .
My God, my strength,

cres.

The horn of my sal - va - tion, too, And my high tow'r is He.

No. 149. As Pants the Hart.

(Metrical Psalm.)

PSALM 42. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Far from Thy sa-cred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sacred way
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so disquiet thee?

While constant-ly, with bitter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.
To Zi - on, praising God on high, With throngs who keep the holy day.
Still hope in God, and Him ex-tol, Whose face brings saving health to me.

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CHORUS.

As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for Thee; For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv - ing God to see.

As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for Thee;

rit. *a tempo.*

No. 150. For Jehovah I am Waiting.

PSALM 130. (Metrical Psalm.) WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. From the depths do I in-voke Thee, O Je- ho - vah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mercies great are found with Him;

To my voice be Thou at - ten- tive, And my sup - pli- ca-tions hear.
But with Thee there is for - giveness, That Thy name may fear command.
He, a-bounding in re-demption, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.

CHORUS.

I am wait - ing, I am wait- ing, ... And my hope is in His word; I am waiting, ev - er wait - ing, Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.
For Je- ho - vah I am wait-ing, wait - ing, My hope is in His word; In His word of promise, my hope is in His word, Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

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No. 151. O Praise Him.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 150. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His presence fills His ho - ly place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the greatness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And every harp in praise employ;

Praise Him in yon ce-lestial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march,
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round,
On cym-bals loud, Je - ho-vah praise, On cymbals high His glo - ry raise,

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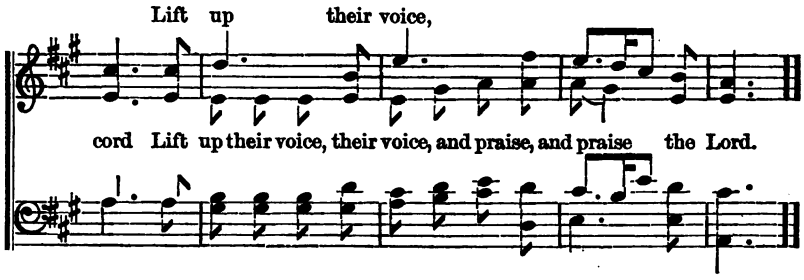
CHORUS.

Where holds His pow'r its glo -rious march.
With harp and psal - tery answering round.
On cym - bals high His glo - ry raise.
} O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise His might-y name; Let all that breathe with glad ac-

Let all that breathe

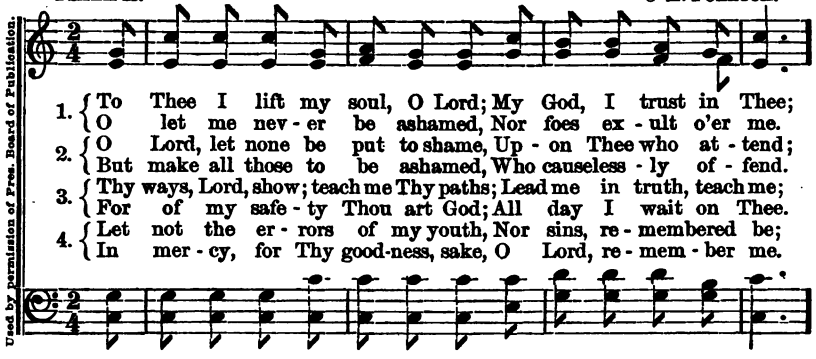
O Praise Him.—Concluded.



No. 152. Remember Me.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 25. C. E. POLLOCK.



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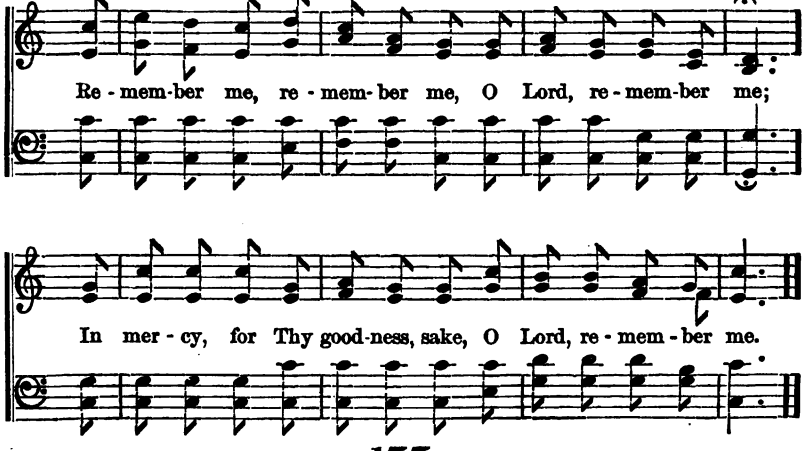
CHORUS.



No. 153. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Joyfully.

1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti - dings all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen, en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se-cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er-more:

Chorus.

"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"
Send the proc - la - ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home:" "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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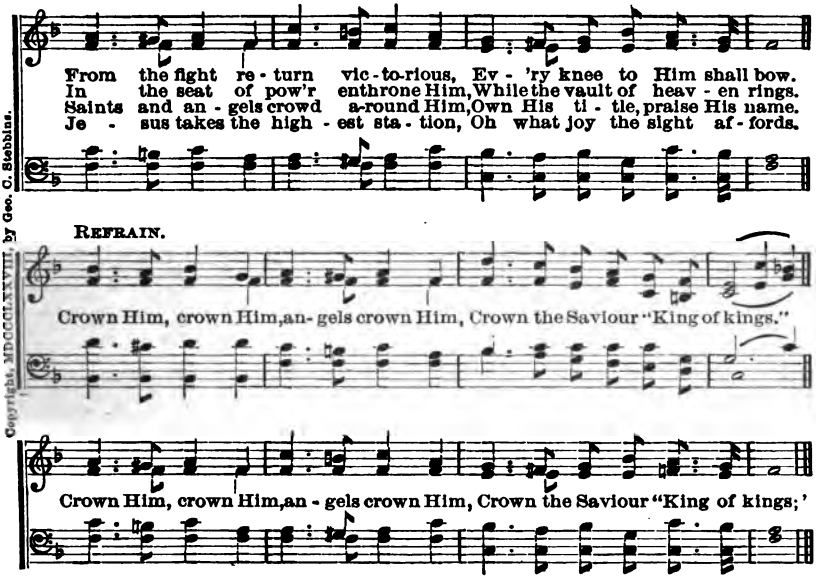
No. 154. Crown Him.

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud tri-umphant chords;

Crown Him.—Concluded.



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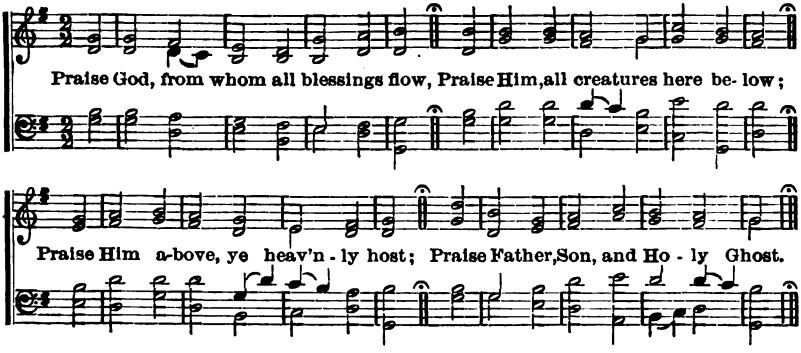
No. 155. Old Hundred. L. M.

Rev. THOMAS KEN. (Doxology.) L. BOURGEOIS.



GRACE.

To be sung before and after meat.

Blessings Invoked.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Thanks Returned.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

No. 156. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will light-en the gloom, And that will be glo-ry for me.
2. I know not the song that the an-gels sing, I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me.
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

Chorus.

And that will be glo-ry for me,..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me;
And that will be mu-sic for me,..... Oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
And that will be heaven for me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me;
Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glo-ry for me;
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me;

Ritard.

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

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No. 157. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, an-them of the free.
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer now is rec-on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels, swell the glad tri-umphant strain! Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way!

D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the

Fine.

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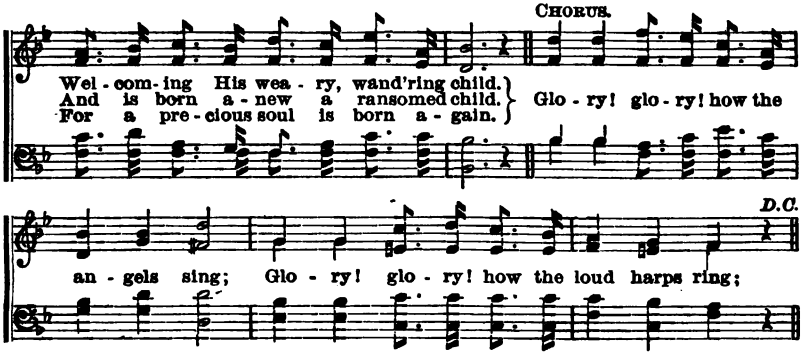
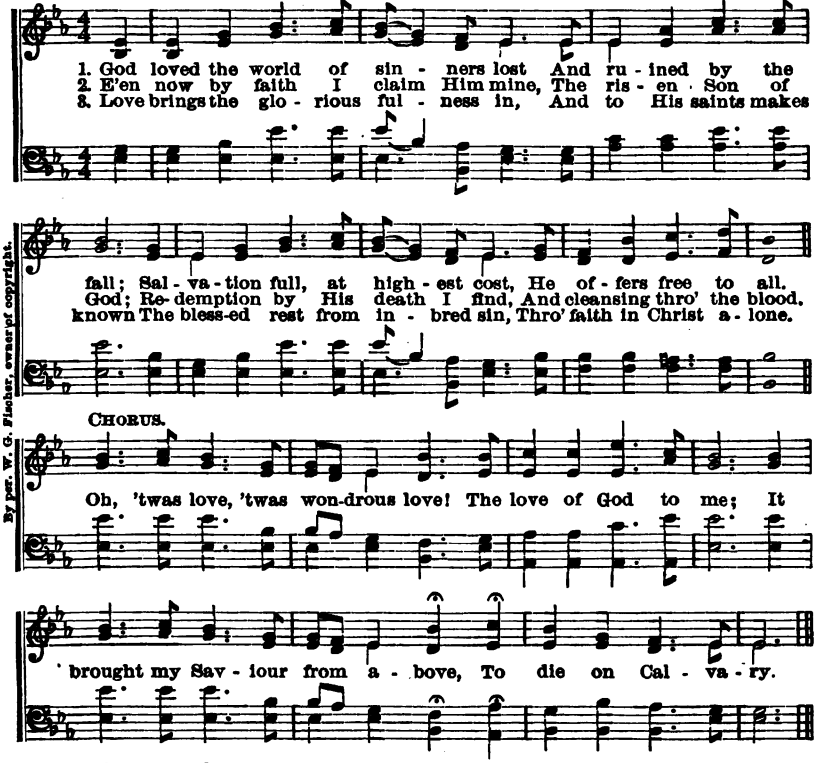
Ring the Bells.—Concluded.



No. 158. Wondrous Love.

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER.



By per. W. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 159. Revive us Again.

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay. John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re - kind - led with fire from a - bove.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 160. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun - shine at noon - day His
2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness with sin - blind - ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus; Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and
4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The Light of that world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the

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The Light of the World.—Concluded.

glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me;

Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 161. The Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O prod - i - gal child! Come
gate, While the shad - ows are piled; O prod - i - gal child! Come

CHORUS.

rit.

home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

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No. 162. Not Now, My Child.

Mrs. PENNEFATHER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A lit - tle lon - ger on the bil-lows' foam; A few more journeyings in the des - ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!
2. Not now; for I have wanderers in the dis - tance, And thou must call them in with pa-tient love; Not now, for I have sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them where'er they rove.
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt thou not cheer them with a kind-ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee in their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?

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4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 163. The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

p

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus:
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

By permission.

The Great Physician.—Concluded.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

Rit.

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 164. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be - night-ed souls,
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls; O hear Him now; With-in these sa - cred walls
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls,
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way,

CODA.

Why long - er roam? To Je - sus bow. And death is nigh. 'Tis mer- cy's hour. } Come home, come home, The Saviour calls, come home,
Come home, come home,

Rit.

Come home, come home, The Sav - iour calls, come home,
Come home, come home, come home.

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No. 165. Where is my Boy to-night?

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When prat- tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

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Chorus. *Not too fast.*

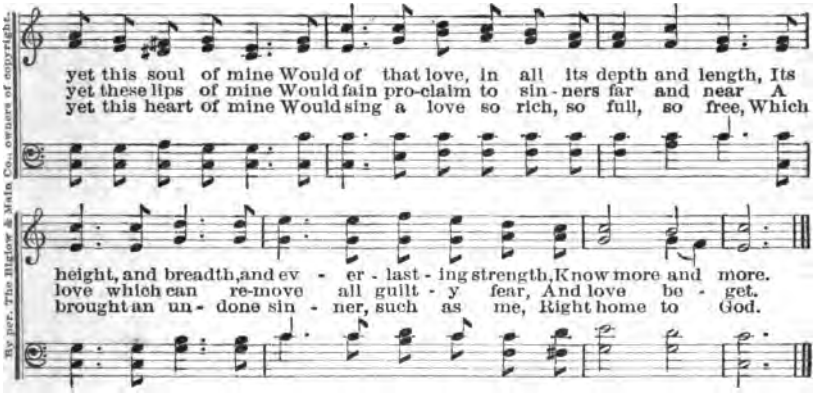
O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 166. It Passeth Knowledge.

Mary Shekleton. Ira D. Sankey.

1. It pass - eth knowledge, that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
2. It pass - eth *tell - ing!* that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
3. It pass - eth *prais - es!* that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!

It Passeth Knowledge.—Concluded.



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4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

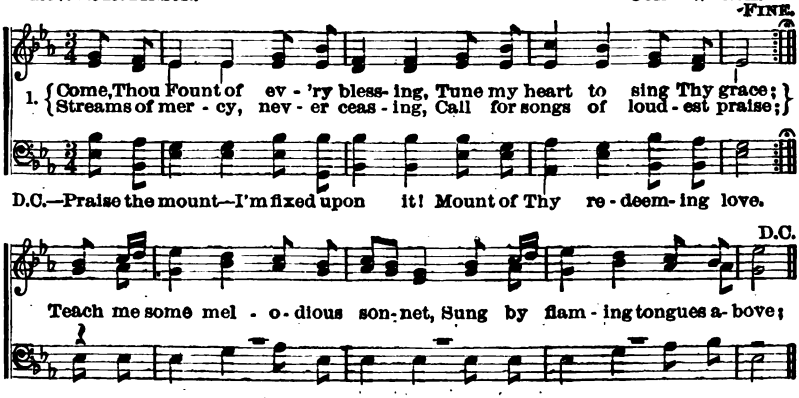
5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me.*"

6 Oh, *fill* me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw [nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting [strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 167. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 168. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D.C.—And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the temp - ter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis-
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D.C.

tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
|: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :|

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight·
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
|: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :|

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No. 169. There is Life for a Look.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pentance, and pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel - come, since God has de - clared There re-
5. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The

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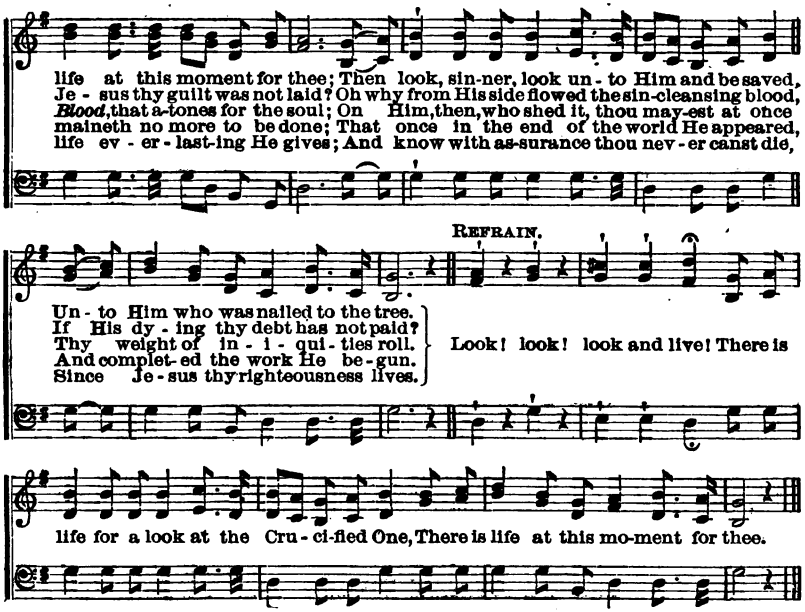
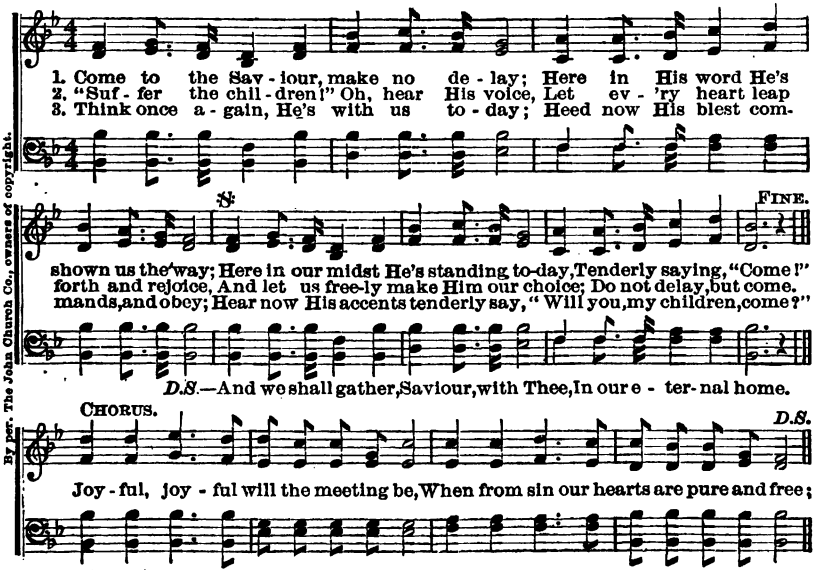
There is Life for a Look.—Concluded.



No. 170. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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No. 171. He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

Refrain.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith- ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'on death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

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No. 172. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His
3. Lit - tle child - ren, lit - tle child - ren Who love their Re -

jew - els, All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
king-dom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
deem - er, Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

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Jewels.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 173. Even Me.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;

Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long - ing for Thy fav - or; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

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5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

No. 174. Here am I; Send Me.

DANL. MARCH. S. M. GRANNIS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus crying,—"Who will go and work to - day? Fields are
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore, You can

white, and har-vest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?" Loud and strong the
find the hea-then near-er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not

Mas - ter calleth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee; Who will an-swer, glad - ly
give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for

say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Je - sus, Will be pre-cious in His sight, Will be pre-cious in His sight.

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3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;—
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 175. Nothing but Leaves.

L. E. A. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip'ning grain: We
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

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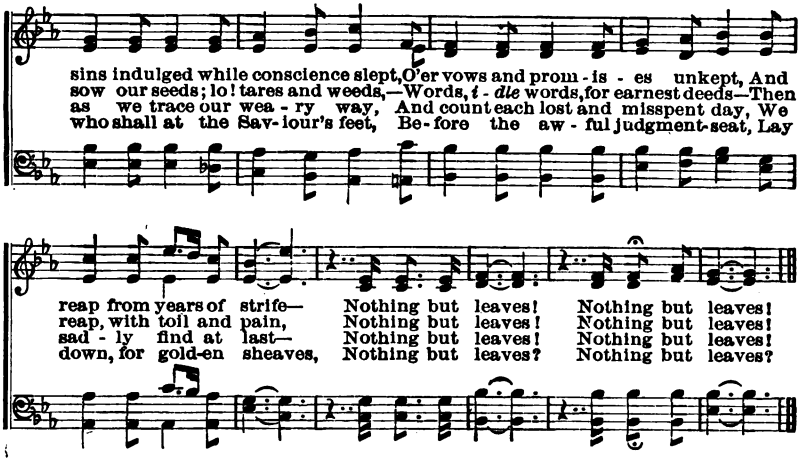
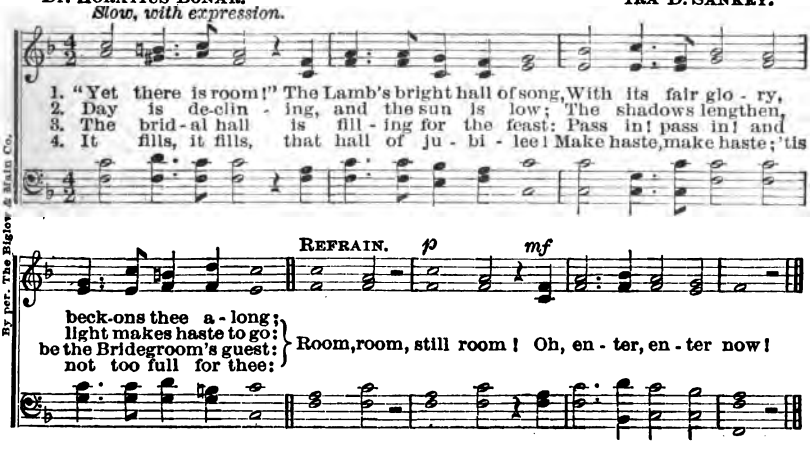
Nothing but Leaves.—Concluded.



No. 176. Yet There is Room.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, with expression.



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5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 177. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneel-ing, At morning, noon and night to pray? In his cham-ber he re-mem-bers Zi-on, Tho' in ex-ile far a-way.
2. Do not fear to tread the fie-ry fur-nace, Nor shrink the lion's den to share; For the God of Dan-iel will de-liv-er, He will send His an-gel there.
3. Children of the liv-ing God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweet-ly sing: Set your fac-es toward the hill of Zi-on, Thence to hail our com-ing King!

CHORUS.

Are your win-dows o-pen toward Je-ru-sa-lem, Tho' as cap-tives here a "lit-tle while" we stay? For the com-ing of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

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No. 178. The Glorious Morning.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Soon shall we see the glo-rious morning, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sounding, Saints a-rise! saints a-rise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy a-wak-en, All a-rise! all a-rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God behold them Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

The Glorious Morning.—Concluded.

Sin - ners, at-tend the notes of warn-ing; Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Thro' all the vaults of death re-bounding; Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
Their beds of death are quick for-sak - en; All a - rise! all a - rise!
See in His arms the Saviour folds them, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last.

The res - ur-rec - tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon appear,
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bridal garments fair,
Not one of all the faith-ful few Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
With wreaths of glory round their head, No tears of sorrow now are shed,

And high His roy - al standard rear; Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
And hail your Saviour in the air; Saints a - rise! saints a - rise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view; All a - rise! all a - rise!
To joy's full fount-ain all are led, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

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No. 179. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. *Moderato.* P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;

Ruin - ed sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!
Seal'd my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tonement!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!

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4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 180. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY.

Spirited.

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For reap-ers more to come? The gold-en morn is passing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath-er in the grain, The night is fast ap-proaching. And soon will come a-gain; The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In ser-vice of thy Lord. And then a gold-en chaplet Shall be thy just re-ward.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

No. 181. Jesus is Mine.

MRS. C. J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry ten-der tie; Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je-sus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay; Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je-sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light; Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty; Je-sus is mine! Wel-come e-ter-ni-ty; Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

By per. T. E. Perkins, owner of copyright.

No. 182. Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. — Geo. F. Root.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking,—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knocketh, And be-neath the crown-ed hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der, Wilt thou not un-do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour, wait-ing there.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

No. 183. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar, D. D. — (Evan. C. M.) — Wm. H. Havergal.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I came to Je-sus as I was—Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
4. I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
The liv-ing wa-ter—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 184. The Half was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
2. Of *peace* I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rapt-ure will it be. With all the host a-bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
Un-til the sweet-voiced an-gel came To soothe my wea-ry breast.
No re-al *joy* in life I know, But in His serv-ice sweet.
To sing through all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of His *love!*

CHORUS.
The half..... was never told,
The half was nev-er told, The half..... was never told,
nev-er told, nev-er told;
The half..... was never told.

1. Of grace divine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er told.
2. Of peace, etc. nev-er told.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

No. 185. Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the

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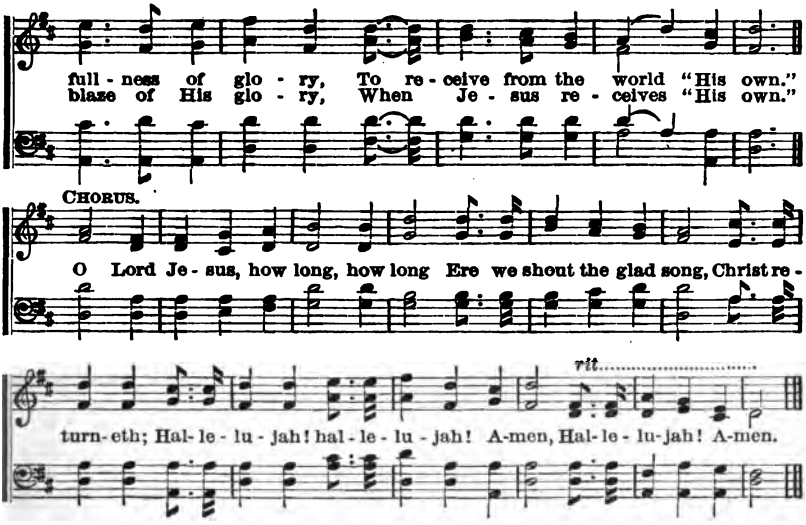
Christ Returneth.—Concluded.

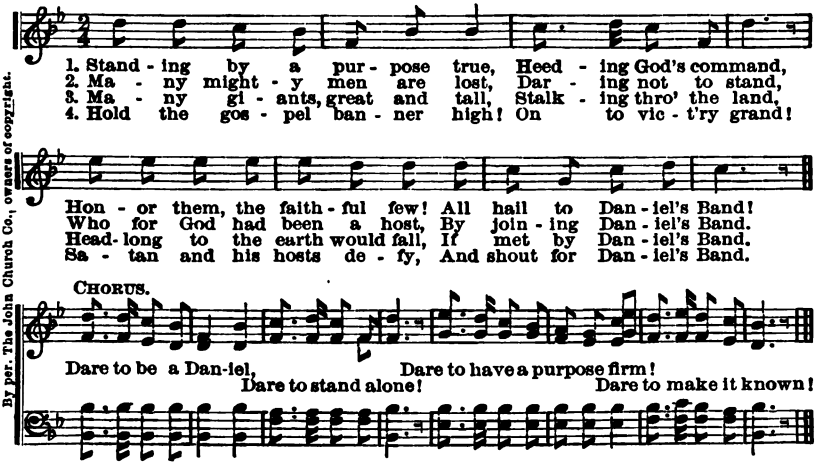


3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

No. 186. Dare to be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



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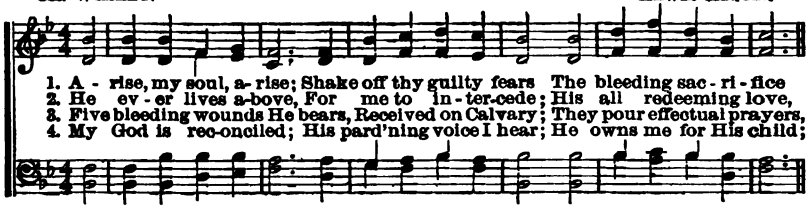
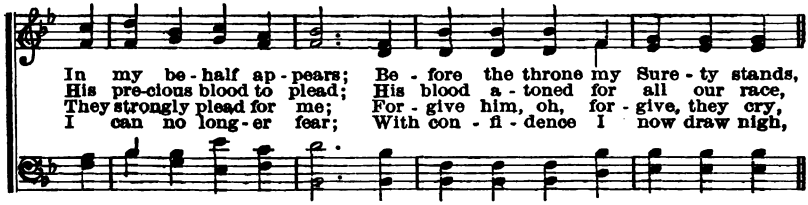
No. 187. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

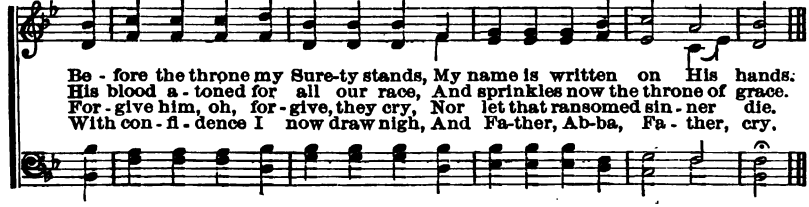
CH. WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



1. A - rise, my soul, a- rise; Shake off thy guilty fears The bleeding sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all redeeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
4. My God is rec-onciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;



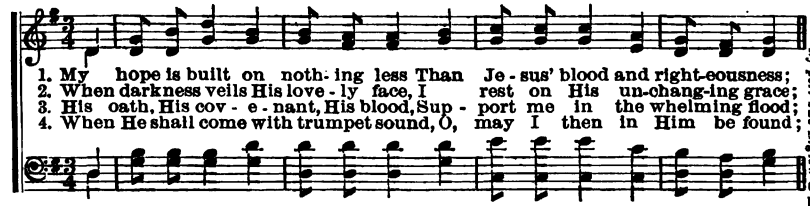
In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strongly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



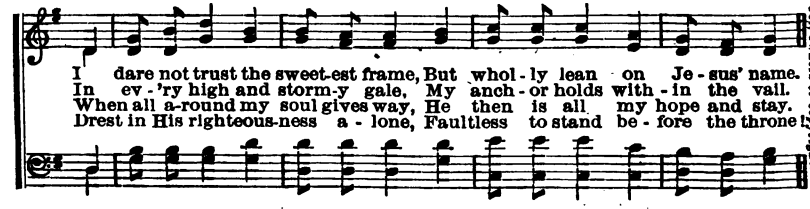
Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is written on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, cry.

No. 188. The Solid Rock.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. My hope is built on noth- ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eousness;
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch - or holds with - in the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His righteous-ness a - lone, Faultless to stand be - fore the throne!

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The Solid Rock.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

No. 189. The Beautiful Land on High.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. U. BUTCHER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and by;
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high; Then why should I fear to die,

When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown In that beautiful land on high.
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.
When death is the way, to the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high?

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CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free;

My Je - sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye:"
Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.

No. 190. Why not To-night.

ELIZA REED. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

rit.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

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No. 191. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on-ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be-fore Him, She
3. He turn'd with "Daugh-ter, be of good com-fort, Thy

to His side she stole, A-mid the crowd that
knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass-eth

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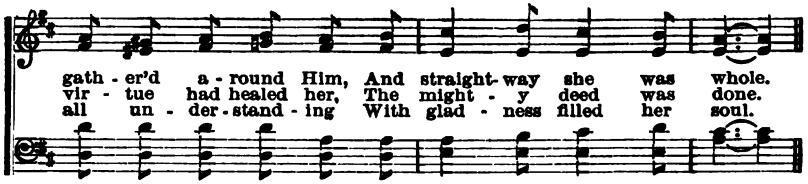
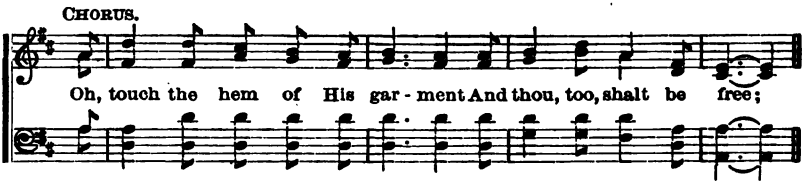
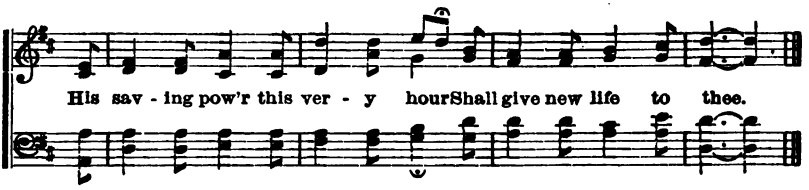
The Hem of His Garment.—Concluded.

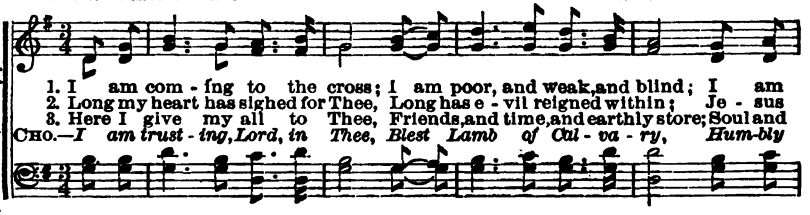


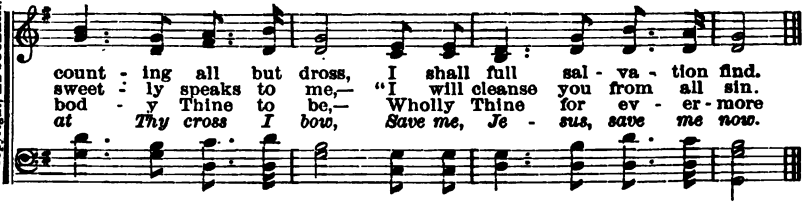




No. 192. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G Fischer.





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4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 193. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents, Will He an - swer thee— Well done?
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night, Will He find us watch - ing there?

Rit.

REFRAIN.

Oh, can we say we are read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

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No. 194. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

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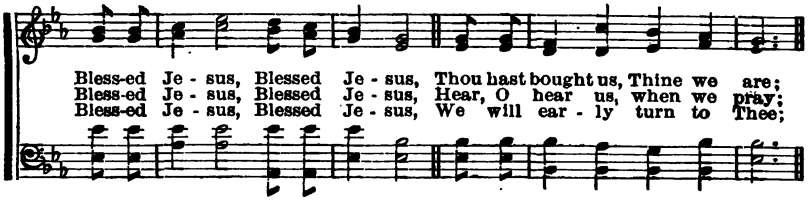
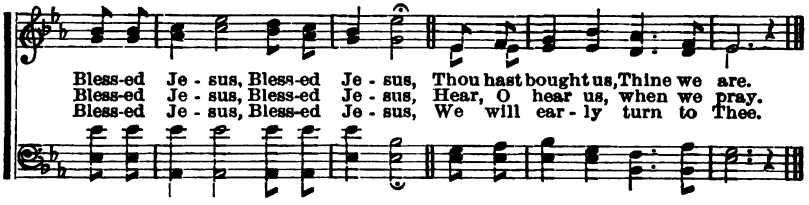
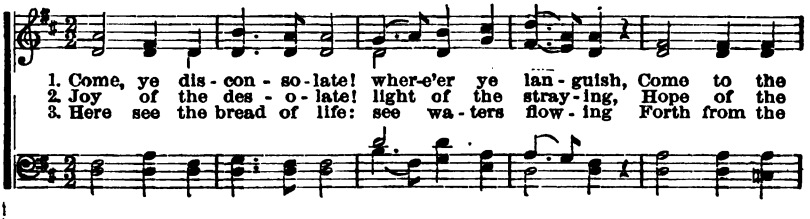
Saviour, Like a Shepherd.—Concluded.

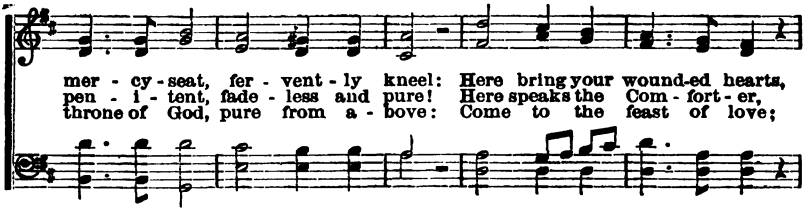


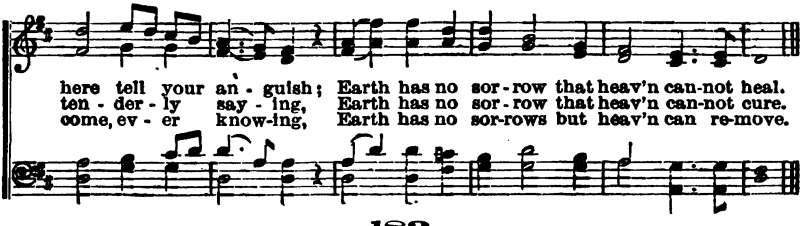


No. 195. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.







No. 196. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. Emily S. Oakey. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sowing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow - ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow - ing in hope till the reap-ers come Gladly to gath-er the har - vest home:

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

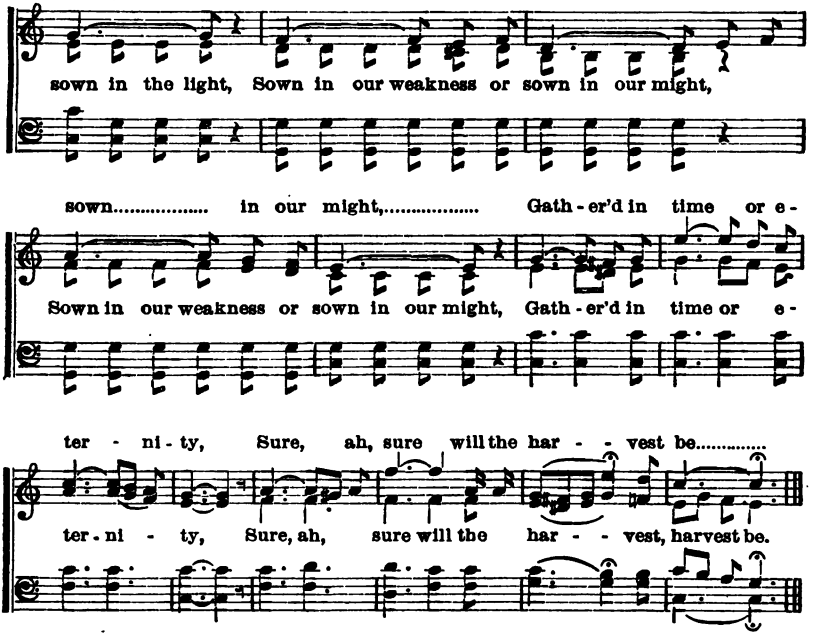
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

Chorus.

Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the

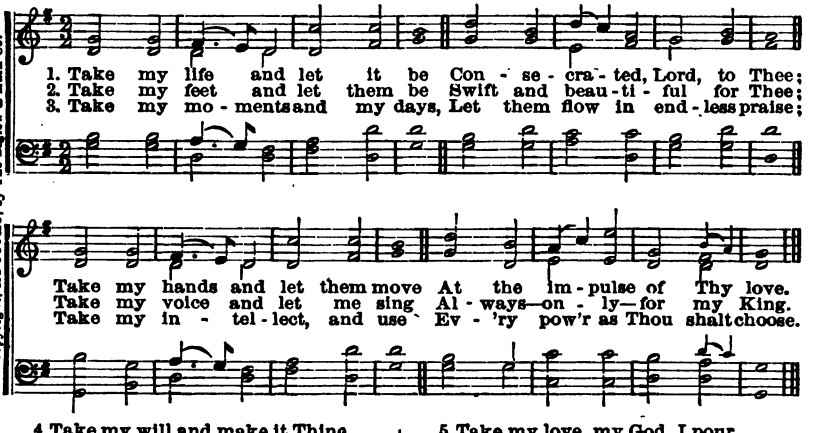
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.



No. 197. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



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4 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 198. "Come."

Mrs. Jas. G. Johnson. James McGranahan.

Voices in Unison.

1. Oh word of words the sweetest, Oh word in which there lie
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be

All prom-ise, all ful - fill-ment, And end of mys - ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to Him, Stay with Him to the end;
Naught but a gen - tle whis-per, To one close, close to Thee;

La - ment-ing or re - joic-ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help-less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from or near my home,

I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis - per "Come!"

Refrain.

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me,

me, Oh

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"Come."—Concluded.

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....

come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come.

rit......

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come, oh, come to me.

No. 199. The Shining Shore.

Rev. DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

S. FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;
D.S.—just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS. D.S.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o - ver; And

By per. Geo. F. Root, owner of copyright.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing;
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For, oh! we stand, etc.

No. 200. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. (C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 201. Rathbun.

Ps. 103. (8. 7.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me, bless His name;
2. Who for - gives all thy transgressions, Thy dis - eas - es all who heals;
3. Who with ten - der mer - cies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,
4. In His righteous - ness, Je - ho - vah Will de - liv - er those dis - tressed;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Who re - deems thee from de - struction, Who with thee so kind - ly deals.
So that e - ven like the ea - gle Thou hast been re - stored to youth.
He will ex - e - cute just judgment In the cause of all op - pressed.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

No. 202. *Tune*—RATHBUN.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

JOHN BOWRING.

No. 203. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

Presto.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph-song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can- not fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

Chorus.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
cross of Je - sus

No. 204. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. — LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

By per. Phillips, Phillips, owner of copyright.

No. 205. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. — GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
3. Go- ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come,

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

By per. Geo. A. Minor, owner of copyright.

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bring-ing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves;

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 206. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 207. At the Cross.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

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Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 208. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. (Bethany. 6.4.) Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.—Concluded.

FINE. D.S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near-er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy given: An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee!
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

No. 209. God be with You!

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's per-ils thick con-found you, Put His loy-ing arms a-round you; God be
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a-gain! Till we meet!..... Till we
with you till we meet a-gain!
with you till we meet a-gain!
with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we
meet a-gain! Till we meet!

meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a-gain!

By per. J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright.

No. 210. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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No. 211. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je-sus will re-ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men, E-ven me with all my sin;

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.—Concluded.

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin-ful-est; Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is-fied its last de-mand.
Cleansed from ev-'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en-ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a-gain;..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiveth sinful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sinful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
Make the message plain:

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No. 212. Come Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sacred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days!
people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

No. 213. More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

By per. W. H. Doane, owner of copyright.

No. 214. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee home—Calling to - day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest—Calling to - day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
They who be - lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

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Jesus is Calling.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day;.....
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der- ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der- ly call-ing to-day,

No. 215. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de - fence by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXV, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land; Oh,

Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

No. 216. Refuge.

C. Wesley. (7s. D.) Jos. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin: Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within; Thou of life the Fountain art, Free-ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
all un-righteousness; Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

By per. Mrs. J. P. Holbrook, owner of copyright.

No. 217. Martyn.

C. Wesley. (7s. D.) S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak-er, asks you—Why? }
{ God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live; }

D.C.—Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?

D.C.

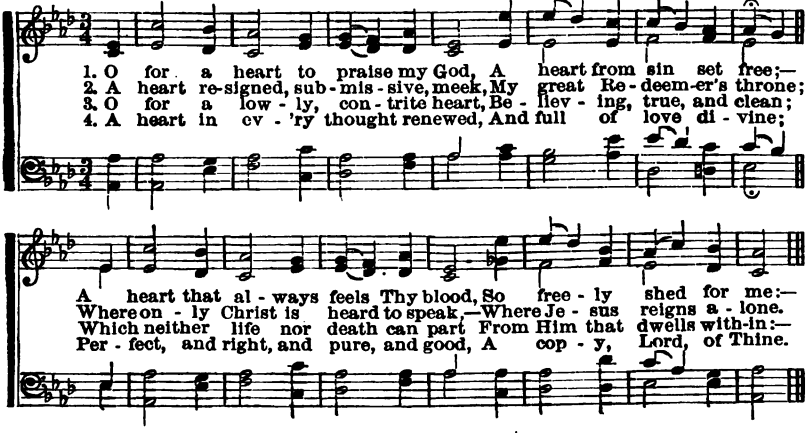
He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,—

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live;
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

No. 218. O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY. (BELMONT. C. M.) S. WEBBE.



No. 219.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 220.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

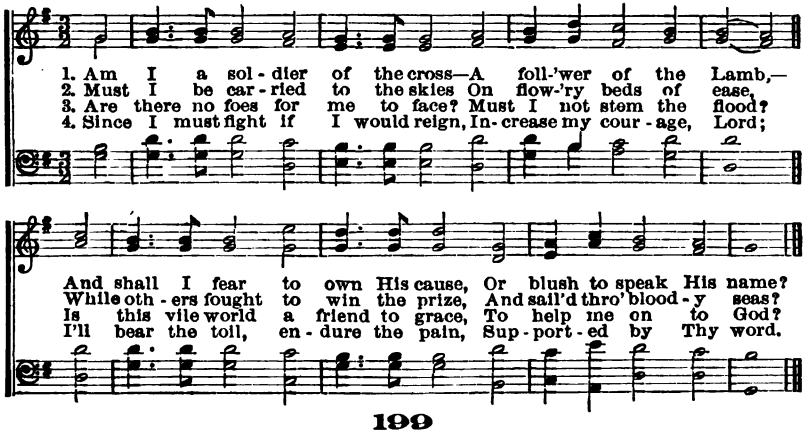
2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

RONS' VERSION.

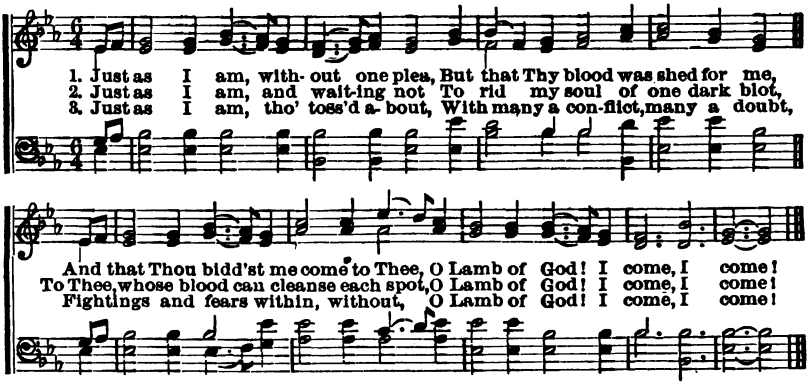
No. 221. Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOS. A. ARNE.



No. 222. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 223.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

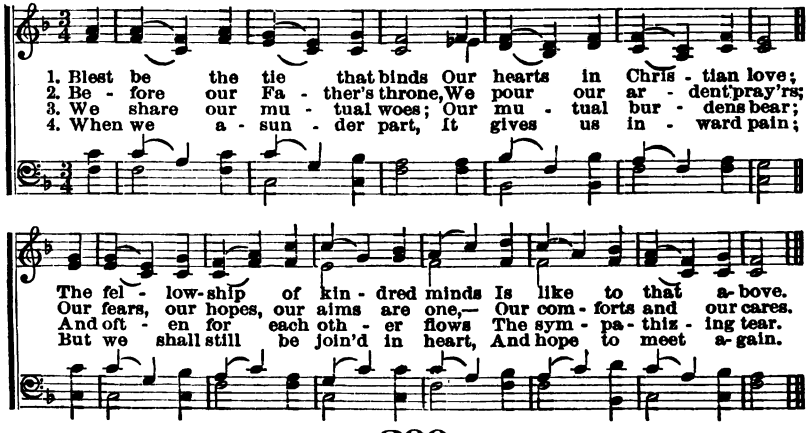
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 224. Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NÄGELI.



No. 225. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
{ Work while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit*.....) Work 'mid springing

D.C.—Work, for the night is com - ing, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is

FINE. *cresc.* *D.C.*

flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright - er Work in the glow - ing sun;

done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

By per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 226. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount- ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

FINE.

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt- y stains,

D.S.

Lose all their guilt - y stains,..... Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

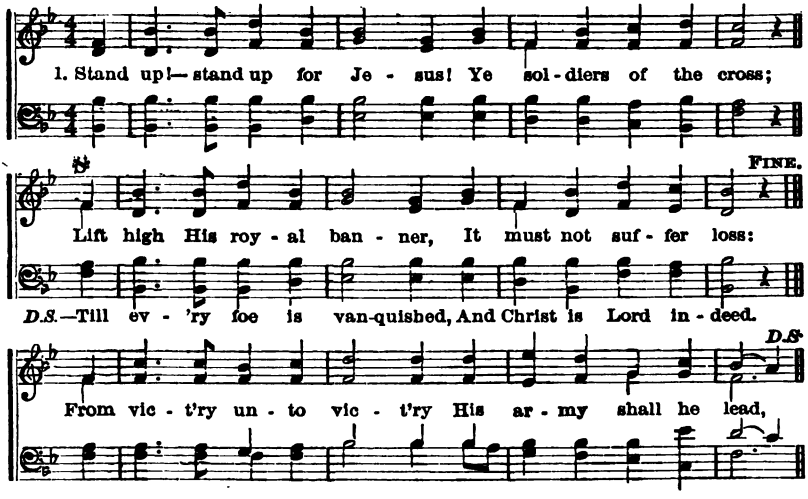
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 227. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. (WEBB. 7.6.) G. J. WEBB.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 228.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

S. F. SMITH.

No. 229.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. HEBER.

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4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-

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still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti-fy
sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no,

ref-uge to Je-sus hath fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus hath fled?
gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est distress.
nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!" I'll nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er forsake!"

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3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.

fa-thers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
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